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A COUNTRY LANE.

BY S. M.

Between steep banks it winds along,
O'ehung with leafy hawthorn trees,
From which in spring the thrush's song
Floats softly on the soft south breeze.
There is the earliest primrose found,
And modest purple violets grow,
And trembling wind flowers star the ground,
And humble, ragged robins blow.

There, too, on golden summer eves,
The old folks like to stroll and talk;
Or slowly, under whispering leaves,
The self absorbed young lovers walk,
While, fresh as youthful hopes, unfurl
New growths about their lingering feet;
And tender fronds of fern uncurl,
And all the balmy air is sweet.

With mingled scents of thyme and musk,
And wilding-rose, passion-pale,
As trembles through the dewy dusk
The music of the nightingale.
And, stealing from some hidden nook,
Adown the lane and o'er the lea,
By pleasant ways, a silver brook
Goes, singing, to the silver sea.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"HUSH! For the love of mercy, hush; I can not bear it!"

But that which called forth this protest was only the lisping prayer of a little child at its mother's knee.

Patty Brace lifted the white robed figure to her lap, and rested the brown head on her bosom.

"Mark," she said, in mild remonstrance, looking at her husband.

"I say I can not bear it. You have her pray, 'God bless our home.' It is too much."

"But why not? On this wild, stormy night, when other little ones may be out in the dashing rain and moaning wind, is it not right to pray, 'God bless our home?'"

"But how long will we have a home, Patty? Think of to-morrow! oh, Heaven help me to-morrow! Ruined, disgraced, going out from the home where I was born, and forced into exile. I can not bear it. We shall never have a home again, and our child will grow up homeless!"

"Dear Mark, you can not go out disgraced when you have done no wrong; and homeless you will not be, for home is where the heart is, and in any land we three will be together, and Heaven over all."

"I can not feel as you do, Patty. I am not gentle and good as you. I blame myself that, by going security for that smooth-tongued rascal, whom may a curse——"

"Hush!" said Patty, with sudden authority. "Mark, you shall not curse friend, neighbor, nor enemy. It is not your nature; it is wrong. If you curse any one, how can you look to have a prayer answered?"

"Prayer!" said Mark, bitterly. "I begin not to believe in prayer, or goodness, or any such thing. You have prayed, and that innocent little victim on your bosom has prayed, in her baby way, and has Heaven heard? No! We lose our home, and I was born here!"

Heavier grew the round brown head of the two-year-old child on Patty's breast, the little tanned hands fell apart with a sleepy grace, and the plump, sunburnt face took the moist flush of childhood's deep rest.

Patty looked at her husband. He leaned against the wooden mantel shelf, the ruddy light of the fire leaped across his sorrowful face, and the wife saw his bronzed cheek wet, with not unmanly tears.

Beyond him, in the range of her vision, was the window looking toward the garden, and between the bushes of lilac and guelder roses, Patty had a swift vision of a tall woman, robed in black, a thin, white face, looking eagerly into the cheerful farm kitchen.

She leaped to her feet. But the vision had faded; only the wind swept the wet lilac boughs against the pane, only the guelder roses looked like tall, dark, draped forms in the stormy night.

"What is it?" said Mark, as she started.

"Nothing," said the wife; "little Mattie sleeps, I must carry her up to bed." She chided herself for her fancies.

"Nothing!" said Mark. "I have become nervous and womanish with my misery. Do you know, Patty, even now I keep looking for some one or something to come and save me."

"It is never too late," said Patty. "Heaven could save you now—save you even by so frail a thing as this baby child."

She passed to the upper room, and left Mark still in his misery, hastily retracing his past, in gloomy thought. Patty returned and stood wistfully, her hand on his arm.

"Don't despond, Mark. We are young, strong, loving. We will give honest work for honest bread."

"It is not right for the innocent to perish with the guilty," cried Mark, vehemently; "for you and baby Mattie to perish with me."

"You are not perishing, and how have you been guilty?"

"I seem to have been guilty, somehow, all along. My father left me this farm in fairly good order, the lease for my life and one after me. I could not rest content. I must improve the land, and improve the outbuildings, and improve the breed of my cattle and sheep, like a fool."

"No, like neither a knave nor a fool; like an enterprising farmer, wanting to improve his prospects and grow with the age. Did not the Duke of Downsburg say you were one of his best tenants, and that you were a pattern of good farming and industry?"

"And then," said Mark, intent on saying bitter things of himself, "I had a thousand pounds, my father's savings, and instead of leaving it where he placed it, at safe, low interest, I must let the men of the great new Bank of Downsbury persuade me to give all to them for big interest; and that bubble burst, the bank collapsed, swindled everyone, and left me nothing."

"No blame to you, and you were left your good name. Are you not known, in all the country, as Honest Mark Brace?"

"I must be a scoundrel some way, Patty, to have such luck."

"Go on and tell your sins," said Patty. "You married a girl without money, Patty Leslie by name; you took care of her widowed mother till she died; and you were so foolish as to have a little girl child, who can only eat and not earn."

"Heaven bless her and you!" said Mark. "Marrying the best wife in the world was about the only good deed I ever did—What do you start that way again, Patty?"

"Hark! I heard such a strange noise—a pitiful wail."

"Not further off than my heart," said Mark. "I heard nothing. Once married, Patty, think how harvest after harvest has been poor, and seasons bad, so I could not lay up a penny."

"Not your fault—Mark, I know I hear a cry."

"No, no; my ears are keen; I hear nothing. It is the storm. Even the wind and rain are crying after the out-going of the Brace blood from the farm of Brackenside. Oh, Patty, why could I not let well enough alone, and not go and sign security for that villain, Amwell?"

"You did it out of pure heart-kindness. You thought him honest and in trouble; you helped him."

"And he left me with a hundred pounds to pay. He meant to do it all along. He robbed me; I robbed you; and to-morrow my goods must be seized. The crops will be bid off as they stand in the ground, and the farm tools and the house goods with them, for this terrible security. I have tried everywhere to get help. I spent all to-day seeking for some one to lend to me.

"But since Farmer Dobbs holds a mortgage on my live stock for the debt the burning of the big barn brought me into, I cannot get any help. The lease must be sold to finish paying up Dobbs. I will not run off in debt like that scoundrel Amwell, and, with what is left, we can emigrate. Patty, oh, how can I go! I love every stick, and every tree, and every sod. My mother and father lie here in yon church yard, and I had hoped to lie by them."

Honest Mark Brace covered his face with his hands, and his strong, tall figure shook with the storm of his sorrow. He loved every foot of this land, where, boy and man, he had sung at his work and lived popular and respected.

A fine, stalwart young Englishman, intensely a home lover, it seemed to him impossible that other skies could be so blue, other breezes so jocund, other fields so green, as those that blessed his birth-place.

Patty, in mute sympathy, clasped her arms about his neck, friend in woe as in joy. She, too, loved and suffered. But hers was cheerful, hopeful, pious soul; she could not despair as Mark did. Mark had been loudly accusing himself where he was guiltless; now, with the inconsistency of misery, he turned to declare his own uprightness and, by implication, the injustice of Heaven.

"Why has this come to me? Other worse men have happier fortune. Have I swindled men like the bankers, who carried off my all? Have I lied like Ned Amwell? Did I ever cheat in my men's wages? Have I sent the poor empty from my door? Have I failed to pay my tithes, or missed church on Sundays? Do I drink? Do I swear? Do I ever go to sleep in church? Why, then, have I such trouble?"

The wild minglings of crimes, errors, and peccadilloes might have made a disinterested listener laugh. It did not make Patty laugh, nor did it call forth an answer. She turned an intent ear to the outer world and said, uneasily:

"Mark, listen! Other souls are in pain. It is not the wind that I hear—not the dashing rain. I have heard sobs, and moans, and a crying in the night—a child crying—like a little baby soul that has lost its way and can find neither earth nor heaven."

"Your fancies make me mad," cried Mark, angrily. "My troubles are real, and so will yours be to-morrow."

Shrill and clear the cry quivered on the air. He, too, heard it.

"It is little Mattie," he cried. "Run to her." And he followed Patty, fleet-footed, up the stairs.

But little rosy Matty slept tranquilly, and the two came slowly down. Patty opened the kitchen window, and the swirling rain drenched her dark hair as she leaned into the darkness.

"Come in, there will be nights enough to face storms," said Mark, hardly. "We are only both fanciful; or as my old grannie used to tell me, since we flitted from the hearth where we have kept warm so long, the souls of my ancestors are mourning for my sorrows. Poor old grannie! little she knew how I should leave the old roof-tree."

Patty sprung to her feet.

"Mark, come with me! It is no fancy—no spirit. It is real; some human thing out in this tempest. Let us search everywhere, and give the homeless a shelter this last night that we have a home."

She ran from the room, and Mark followed her into the stone-flagged entry. Her vengeance carried him away. He reached over her shoulder, and aided her trembling hands to undo the door bolt.

Starless the night; no balm on the summer air; the raw chill of autumn brooding under the beating rain; a murky heaven over land and sea; and once again that wild, only half-human wail, coming up now from their very feet!

Patty sprung into the dark, vine draped porch; the red light from the kitchen crept fitfully to the threshold, and close beside the door-sill, lay a bundle in the poor shelter of the latticed porch.

From that bundle came, shrill and piteous, that miserable cry.

CHAPTER II.

"MARK! Mark! It is a child, poor forsaken baby," said Patty, stooping down and gathering into her womanly arms the weeping waif fragment of the seething sea of humanity so strangely drifted to her door. "A child! Dear Heaven! such a very little child!"

She hurried into the kitchen, and laid the bundle on the table in the circle of lamplight, and with careful, eager fingers began to loosen the wrappings.

"A child!" said Mark, amazed and dull "a child?"

And then with a sudden anger, he cried out:

"A child to the homeless! A child to us, who will not be able to care for our own—a child for forced exiles! Why did they not carry it to the poor house? There, at least, it might have stayed!"

"Hush, dear!" said Patty. "God only asks of us duty for to-day. To-night we have a home, and can take the stranger in. God will take care of it to-morrow."

"Not that I grudge the poor little wretch," said Mark, looking over his wife's shoulder.

Patty unpinned the tartan shawl, and snugly wrapped within lay a little babe. A delicate veil covered the small face within the lace and satin cap, and Patty lifted in motherly hands one of the most singularly lovely infants that the sun ever looked upon.

Dimpled, snow white, with exquisitely moulded features and neck and hands, soft rings of golden, silken hair, a faint perfume of costly odors breathing from its garments.

Patty's tender heart melted at the divine innocence, loveliness, helplessness of the little one, and, raising the rosebud face to her own, she kissed it softly again and again.

This motion caused the white cashmere cloak to fall back, and Mark gave a cry at some dark thing broadly pinned against the quilted satin lining.

As his wife kissed the babe, murmuring, "Lit le ovely angel! Who sent you? Who could abandon you?" Mark unpinned this object and held it near the light. Then

he gave such a cry that his wife, clasping the babe closer, turned to him in alarm. In his shaking hand he held a packet of bank notes. He cried out:

"Patty! Patty! Did God send this? See! Just the amount of my debt! Patty! Patty! am I safe? Is this ours?"

"How much is there?" she demanded, breathlessly.

"Twenty fives! A hundred pounds!"

"Mark, just what we owe!"

"Just that. Oh, Patty, we are saved!"

He staggered to a seat, white and weak, and then, first Patty realized what his anguish of soul had been. The strong young farmer shook like a reed; drops of perspiration rolled over his face.

"But it is ours?" demanded Patty, sitting down, also, and beginning to unfasten the baby's cap and cloak.

"See if there is anything more—any message—any work—quick—oh, Patty, Patty, I am weak!"

Patty rose up, stroked his cheek, kissed him, said, "Courage, Mark! Heaven has helped us!" and then she set to searching the child.

On the lace bosom of the little dress was sewed a letter. She unfastened it, and held it to her husband.

"You read it, Mark. I am so frightened, my eyes are dim. See, it is to us; it says on the outside—'To Mark and Patty Brace.'"

Mark restrained himself, and as Patty softly rocked the child to and fro on her breast, he read aloud:

"To you a most sorrowful mother sends this little child. You have never seen that mother, probably you never will; but she has heard of you—of Mark Brace and Patty Brace, his kind, good wife. Oh, be tender to this little child, deprived of father and of mother. Be patient with it; think how its mother's heart ached at parting: think of your own little child. Let this baby be yours, and your child's sister. It is lovely and white as an angel. Will you try and keep its soul white and pure, and bring it up simply, like your own, just to be good? There is a little mark on the right shoulder—a little red leaf. But I never may be able to claim my own again. Then let it be yours, and rear it, as you will answer for it to God. With the child the mother sends you a hundred pounds, and every year will send you the same. This is a child of noble blood and honest birth. Its mother prays you, for the sake of mercy and pity, to make no effort to find her. Never show this letter, never try to learn the child's surname; her Christian name is Doris. Will you say you have taken charge of the child for a lady who has gone abroad? Say only that, and night and day a heart's best prayers will go up for you, who are good to little Doris."

Mark and Patty looked at each other in silence.

"Oh, Mark! you doubted—doubted God and prayer!"

"Did I? May God pardon me—I was wild with misery!"

"Whose child can this be?" said Patty.

"Patty," said Mark, "if we use this money, as we must and shall, it is part of a bargain, you know—a bargain to keep the child tenderly and faithfully, and make no effort to discover who sends it. We must keep faith."

"It will be very easy to be loving and tender to such a lovely baby," said Patty. "Look, did you ever see anything so wonderful, in all your life?"

"Fair as an angel," said Mark, gently, kissing the wee white hand. "God bless the baby, the little angel baby that saved us."

"A hundred a year! This is very much money, just for keeping one little child," said Patty.

"We must pay ourselves what is fair, and keep the rest to educate the child, or make her dower."

"And we must keep her soul white and fair. The letter says we are to train her like our own, Mark."

"Only, Patty, it is a child of noble blood, and if, some day, the mother claims her, she must not be ashamed of the child, Patty."

"Oh, Mark!" cried Patty, in terror, "suppose the mother is in all this storm! Go, Mark—take a light and look for her. Do go!"

"She can not possibly be lingering here, Patty."

"Oh, Mark, she is no doubt waiting to see what we will do! I am sure I saw her looking in the window before I took Mattie to bed."

Mark took a lantern from its hook by the chimney-side, and went out in the storm. There was no trace of any one. The gate was fastened, no foot-print marked the gravel walk; nothing but sighing wind and plashing rain filled the darkness. He returned to the house.

"There is no one. Whoever was here has done the errand and gone. I cannot believe it yet, Patty. My debt is paid! my home is saved! I shall live where my fathers lived, and die where they died; and all by means of this little child. I feel as if I could never love it enough!"

Patty looked at the babe on her arm. She cried:

"How could a mother give up such a lovely creature! I would rather die! Oh, poor mother! Mark, a heart has broken to-night in this storm."

"I wonder if the poor soul was married!" said Mark.

"She must have been! Look at the letter, Mark. It is the letter of a good woman. She wants the child's soul kept white and pure. A wicked woman would think of the body, but not of the soul."

The child opened its eyes—eyes like spring violets, softly blue. It stirred uneasily. Patty went for milk to feed it.

"There are no clothes with it, mark. Whoever knew us to write to us, knew about little Mattie, and expected us to let this baby wear her clothes, and be reared just like our own."

She went for a night-dress that had been worn by Mattie a year before, and taking off the infant's rich clothes, put on instead the simple little gown. About the child's neck was a gold chain, with a locket; in the locket a tress of curly golden hair, and one of dark shining brown.

"Mark," said Patty, "let us put the letter and the locket and these rich clothes away. Some day they may be needed to show whose child this is."

Mark folded the articles together and locked them in a strong box, which for years had held the especial valuables of the owners of Brackenside Farm. Never before had such singular treasures been placed among those simple rustic relics.

"Now," said Patty, "I shall take this baby up and put her in Mattie's trundle bed; they are sisters now."

She carried the wee stranger upstairs and laid it by her own little daughter. Mark held the light.

"There is a great difference between them," said Patty, as he looked at the two little ones in the same bed. "It is not only that one is two years and one is two months, but one looks like a child of the nobles, the other like a child of the people."

"The people are the bone and sinew of the land, and the heart, too," said Mark, sturdily. "I don't believe a mother of the people would give such a baby away in this fashion. You note my words, wife; it is pride, rank pride, that has cast this child out among strangers."

Patty sighed, still looking at the children: Little Doris, a jewel child; pearly skin, golden hair and brows, and a little red mouth like a thread of rubies; Mattie, brown, plump, sturdy, child of soil, wind, and sun.

"I like my own best," said Mark, bravely, "if she is not half so fair. Our Mattie has what will last all her life—a warm, true, honest little heart in her strong little body."

"Of course you will like our own best," said Patty, half offended. "It would be a fine story if the coming of this little beauty could crowd our girl out of the first place in our hearts."

"I wonder if they will love each other," said Mark.

"Of course they will, as they are to be sisters," said Patty, with edifying faith in humanity.

"And I wonder if she will love us?"

"Surely since we are to be her parents, and will be always kind and faithful to her."

"I hope so," said Mark, shaking his head; "but there are some things, Patty, that do not mix well—as, say, oil and water—and bellke blood will tell, and this little lady will not take to our homely ways. Besides, we shall always be considering how much is due her for that hundred pounds a year; and I, for one, will always be remembering how she came like a little angel to save a home that is like my heart's blood to me."

Then they went down-stairs, leaving the dark child and the fair child sleeping together.

CHAPTER III.

MARK and Patty Brace sat down again by their hearth-stone. They were too much excited to think of sleep. Mark made up the fire and trimmed the lamp, and ruddy glow and golden gleam seemed the joyful reflection of their strangely brightened fortunes.

Honest Mark, who seldom thought of even looking his door when he went to bed, suddenly felt that thieves might break in to steal that blessed hundred pounds that saved him from ruin. He buttoned the notes up in his waistcoat, and longed for the day-dawn when he might pay his debt and be free.

Upon Patty's simple heart rested the shadow of a new care. It was to her upright spirit a terrible responsibility to rear a stranger's child. What disposition would this little one inherit?

Could she obey that unknown mother's behest and keep this soul white and pure? Suppose the child should be wilful, full of faults, proud, hard to govern, in all points the opposite to her own simple, gentle, good little girl—would she be able by love and by kindness govern and mold her into goodness?

And suppose the child grew day by day into her heart, until it seemed like her very own, and then that unknown mother came and took her away? Suppose, too, that after all her humble cares, when the mother came, she should be dissatisfied and complain of the rudeness of the child's rearing?

But Patty need not have feared that; she had herself the best of good breeding, that which comes from a generous, thoughtful unselfish spirit.

Then she began to wonder who was the mother of this babe. She told over to herself all the ladies of the adjacent village of Brakebury; not one had a hundred pounds a year to spare. She thought of all the ladies she had met in the narrow limits of her life, in which she had never been fifty miles from her home. There was not one whom it would not be the utmost absurdity to charge with the maternity of this charge.

"I give it up," said Patty aloud, with a sigh.

"Give what up?" asked Mark, starting from a reverie.

"Guessing who is the mother of this little Doris."

"So you should give it up," said honest Mark, stoutly. "A bargain is a bargain, Patty, and you know all that money is not to pay for one baby's milk, 'tendance, and bits of clothes; nor is it to buy our faith, for faith cannot be bought; but it is given us, as pledge of a secret kept with that child's mother, and to use to defend that secret; and so we must. Questions, Patty, we must not ask nor answer; if curiosity is troublesome, we'll even bear it till it dies out naturally; we are paid for the trouble of bearing our neighbors' curiosity."

"That is true," said Patty; "we will make silence our rule."

So they sat by the fire, while the storm ceased, the winds fell, the rain-heavy grass and leaves lifted themselves, the east brightened with yellow day, the birds broke forth into matin-song, and then a broad bar of sunshine fell over the kitchen floor, through the window where the black-veiled figure had stood the night before.

"Mark," said Patty, "here is a new day."

"And a very happy day," said Mark. "I shall go pay my debt the first thing; and then, Heaven helping me, when this harvest is gathered in, I can settle with neighbor Dobbs and stand up a free man. After that, Patty, I'll starve before I beg, borrow, steal or go security. In my eye, it's all one; it's robbing your own or your neighbors in any case."

How happy felt Mark Brace that morning, as, with springing step, and whistling like a mavis, loud and clear, he strode off to Brakebury to pay his debt. His sinewy hand trembled convulsively as he took his receipt.

"I am as thankful as you are, Mark," said the creditor; "it would have gone to my heart to ruin you. I lay awake all night thinking of it; but I must have this money or be sold out myself, and my wife is ill in bed, and my old mother blind and cleaving to this home she was born in as ivy clings to the wall."

"I know how it goes," said Mark; "I've felt it. And, after this, I'll hold the Scripture rule, to owe no man anything, but to love one another."

Mark felt his heart large enough to love all the world that morning, especially that golden-haired mystery who had brought him safety. He hurried home, longing to be at work again. He felt energy for everything. Never had there been such a fair day, never such a lovely home, never such beautiful fields, standing thick to the sickle. Heaven be praised, he was his own man again!

He met his laborers coming to the work. In answer to his questions, one said that, crossing a field after dark, he had met a tall woman, in black, veiled, carrying a bundle which, at the time, he fancied might be a child. Another, returning late from the "Blue Boar," had passed a tall woman, in black, veiled, hurrying on, with empty arms swinging at her side, but heard her sob and moan as she went by.

This was all Mark Brace heard about that eventful night.

The neighbors, finding a golden-haired, dainty babe in Patty Brace's cradle, said, wisely:

"No doubt she was well paid." "Mark Brace had seemed flush of money of late." "It was well to have friends. The child very surely belonged to some great lady."

But whether its mother lived or was dead, or where she was, Patty never opened her lips to tell; and, after two months, gossip died away, and the baby at Brackenside Farm was an accepted fact.

One person asked questions with more show of authority, and to him Mark and Patty told part of the truth. This one person was the rector of Brakebury. They told him that the child had been left at their door, with a letter and a sum of money.

The letter said the child was legitimate and christened, and that the hundred pounds would come each year. The rector was so astonished at this story that he told it to his bishop when he dined with him.

"And what kind of a child is it?" asked the Bishop of Lansdown.

"The most marvelously beautiful creature, fairly angelic!"

A few weeks later, in November, the bishop was dining with the Duke of Downsbury, and bethought himself to tell the tale, beginning:

"Does not the village of Brakebury belong entirely to your grace? and is not Mark Brace one of your tenant farmers?"

The bishop told the story, as he told every story admirably.

"And they have no clew to the child's family?" asked the duchess.

"Not the least. It was the most cleverly managed thing I ever heard of in my life."

When the ladies returned to the drawing room, Lady Estelle Hereford, the Duke's only child, asked her mother:

"What was the story the bishop was telling?"

Lady Estelle was not nineteen. Her mother felt that this tale of a foundling was not the proper thing to pour into the ear of innocence.

"Really, my dear, I was so shocked at the bishop's speaking of such a thing before you," said her Grace of Downsbury.

"Why, mamma, there may be nothing really wrong about it, after all," said Lady Estelle, quietly, and the duchess privately thanked heaven for her daughter's simplicity.

"There is always some wrong where there is concealment," said the duchess, with decision. "Honor does not shun the day. I prefer you do not talk of it, Estelle."

"But, dear mamma, I want to know. So little happens here in the country, I hoped it was something to interest me."

"No, my dear; only a little child, left at Mark Brace's door—with some money—and I think that is all, my dear."

"And Mark Brace is going to keep the child, mamma?"

"So I understand. Very admirable, honest people, the Braces."

"It is just like a novel, mamma—nicer than a written one. I am sick of novels as I am sick of everything. I would like to see that child, if it is so very pretty mamma."

"My dearest love! But Brackenside is fifteen miles off, and you could not go so far in this chill autumn weather. You know the doctor says you must go to Italy at once."

Lady Estelle leaned back as one completely bored, and weary of life, and toyed with her fan and flowers. A beauty, an heiress, a duke's daughter, Lady Estelle had been for a year and a half the idol of the fashionable circles of London.

Proud, stately, cold, calm, with sudden gleams of tenderness and fire in her great violet eyes, she had been courted by some of the noblest men of England, and dismissed each with the same cool indifference.

The excitement of gay life, or a nervous shock received in traveling with her friend, Lady Agnes Dolsphine, in Switzerland, had stolen the wild-rose tint from her cheek, and the elasticity from her graceful step, and baffled physicians ordered her to be taken to a warmer climate.

"I am sorry to lose you again, Lady Hereford," said the bishop, when the ge-

tlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

"Thank you. But I am rather glad to go. I may find in Italy something to amuse me, or wake my cold, calm soul to romance. Here, it seems to me, it is very dull. Only the little incident that you told to-day, rises over the prosaic."

Lady Estelle, with a swift glance assured herself that the duchess was at the most remote corner of the corner.

"Ah, yes, that has a flavor of romance," said the bishop.

"And you say the child is healthy and pretty?"

"Both, I am told, to an unusual degree. It has the fatal gift of beauty."

"Why fatal?" asked Lady Estelle, with listless politeness.

"Not fatal to those born to rank, parents, and every care, but fatal to the poor, the unprotected, the unknown. I cannot imagine a more terrible gift to a friendless girl."

"I never thought of that," said Lady Estelle, and then her brief interest in the little child seemed to pass into the gentle indifference with which she regarded all the events of life.

For hours afterward Lady Estelle Hereford thought of the fair foundling that had been left at Brackenside Farm, and an uneasy feeling came over her as she reflected upon the bishop's words.

"The child possesses the fatal gift of beauty. I cannot imagine a more terrible gift to a friendless girl."

CHAPTER IV.

MARK BRACE was the tenant of the Duke of Downsbury, as his fathers before him had for many generations been the tenants of the duke's ancestors; yet no two lines of life seemed to run further apart than those of the duke and the farmer.

The duke respected and appreciated his tenant, and the tenant sturdily held loyal faith in his duke, as the noblest duke in England.

Yet, when Downsbury Castle was shut up, and all the family were abroad, seeking, year by year, health for the patrician daughter, that absence of the noble patron made no change in the current of life at the farm.

Patty and Mark when the duke came to their minds, hoped he would find for his only child the health he sought.

"How we should feel if our Mattie was delicate?" said Patty.

"What a pity it is," said Mark, "that the duke has no son. He has hoped and hoped, but now he knows he will be the last Duke of Downsbury."

"But Lady Estelle will get strong, perhaps, and marry, and he will have great comfort in his grandchildren," said Patty.

Meanwhile at Brackenside Farm, little Doris grew every day in beauty and brightness. Never was such a winsome wee thing.

Patty felt sure the saucy blue eyes would count many victims when Doris bloomed into girlhood's beauty. Patty was tender of her charge, as of some strange tropic bird that had fluttered into her homely nest.

Mattie, with her plain simplicity, adored, waited on, yielded to, her "little sister." Honest Mark fell a complete slave to the fascinations of her beauty. He could not give a severe look, nor a reproving word; the twining of those dimpled arms around his neck brought instant submission to any whim of pretty Miss Doris.

"Mark, Mark; you are like all the men; you think the world and all of a pretty face," said Patty, laughing.

"She's just a wonder, and I can't cross her," said Mark. "Not but I like Mattie best. You can rely on Mattie, somehow; she's worth twenty of this pretty Doris; but I can say 'no' to her, and I can try to train her up to be a good woman; but this little golden and pearl thing is just like a butterfly or a humming bird to me, that's a fact."

"And then, Patty," he continued, after a long pause, "we have had luck ever since she came; her hands has brought us blessings."

Was it any wonder that it came about that when one child was to yield to the other, Mattie yielded to Doris? Mattie was older and stronger, and, truth to say, yielded more readily.

If Patty called on a child to help her to pick up toys, or a spool, or run to call Mark, was it not natural that Mattie, true, industrious child of the house, was the one called on, rather than the child who paid a hundred pounds a year?

Was it strange that, thinking of that lady mother, who might any day come to claim her own, Patty protected the snowy beauty of her nurse child with nankeen mits, and sleeves, and wide-brimmed hat? Did it seem less than honest, when one considered that yearly hundred pounds, and the gentle birth, to give the child finer shoes and daintier garments than little Mattie had?

Thus it came about that pride, and vanity, and indolence, and imperious self-will, were nursed insensibly in this child, whose soul Patty greatly desired to keep white and pure.

Mark Brace, too, felt the duties that the payment pressed upon him. When Doris was three years and a half old, he said to his wife:

"We must make her mannerly, lest her mother should not be satisfied. When she gets big she must learn to sew and to read. We will let our Mattie learn what she does. She is our only child; we can afford it."

"And you mean me to teach them?" asked Patty.

"Oh, no, wife. You are too busy. We will send them every day to Brakebury, to the Misses Hopewell."

The Misses Hopwell were very genteel ladies, a surgeon's daughters, fallen into narrow circumstances, and keeping a little school, very genteel indeed, where they taught the making of samplers, the tables, reading, writing, the globes, etc., in prim old-fashioned style.

To this "ladies' school" went Mattie and Doris every day, in a little wicker cart, drawn by a donkey, beside which ran a bare-foot farm boy as their charioteer.

And so time went on, and Doris had been four years at the farm, and news now spread abroad that Lady Estelle Hereford was better at last, and the duke was coming home.

Back to England finally, and the castle was filled with guests.

"I believe," said the duchess to the duke, 'that the best thing for our daughter would be a happy marriage. She is over twenty-two. If we could rouse her up to take any interest in any one—all she lacks is animation. She is a Psyche before the coming of Cupid. I heard a gentleman in Italy calling her 'the marble Psyche,' speaking to a friend."

"I can not understand it," said the duke. "During her first year in society she seemed animated and interested. I believe I even once spoke sharply to her for dancing twice with Captain Rodney Alnwick."

"You were quite right," said the duchess. "I spoke to her myself about him. He was entirely ineligible in every particular. But that all passed by. I thought she liked him a little, and I was glad when he exchanged his regiment, and went off to India. A no'er-do well family, if an old one."

"We must bring together the best parties," said the duke, and she may fancy some one. I long to see her settled, and to have grandchildren about me."

The guests came, and among them, gracious, lovely, went Lady Estelle, untouched by adoration, a goddess moving in a nimbus of her own impregnable repose.

There was a dinner-party given for the Bishop of Lansdown, and, as usual, the bishop was full of stories, and told them well.

"I remember," said Lady Estelle, "before we went abroad, you told some story that interested me—something about a child—"

"No doubt about the child left at Mark Brace's door."

"Perhaps that might be it. I suppose it has been claimed?"

"Not at all. Mark has it yet, and shows himself a most honest man in his care of it."

"Ah! In what way?"

"He not only adores the child, but he rears it delicately, and he means to educate her."

"Yes? And one can be educated at Brakebury?" said the soft, caressing, languid, scarcely interested voice.

"The child is very young yet. She goes in a little donkey carriage to a really nice little school, kept by two ladies in reduced circumstances. When she gets too old for that school, Mark means to find a better one for her."

"Quite thoughtful of him; and the child is pretty?"

"More pretty than I can tell you. I am sure she is nobly born. I saw her after service the day I held confirmation."

"And her parents have never been found?" asked the duchess.

"No; and surely never will be. Great care has been taken to secure secrecy, and Mark feels bound to maintain it."

"I do not know but it may be quite as well," said her grace; and then dinner was announced.

CHAPTER V.

"MY dear Estelle," said the Duchess of Downsbury, "I had hoped that with returning health you would have more earnestness and animation—be more like your early self."

"Possibly my early self was a great simpleton, mamma, and as for animation, most girls are overdoing that. Calmness, what you call indifference, may be my style. Don't you think people like it, mamma?"

"Your style is simply perfection," said her grace, "and there are two or three eligible men here just now who plainly think so; if you could only give them a little encouragement."

"I'm quite sick of eligible men, mamma. Is it ten or a dozen that I have declined with thanks? I do not give them encouragement because they offer themselves soon enough without it. They don't interest me."

"And what will interest you?" asked the perplexed duchess.

Lady Estelle waved to and fro, in a meditative manner, her feather fan, as if considering what she could desire.

"I believe, now I think of it, it would interest me to go and see that child the Bishop of Lansdown told us of."

'My dear, that is not a nice story at all. It is suspicious."

"But the Braces are very proper people, and the child may be a very nice child. Brakebury village belongs to us, and I think I never was there. In fact, I have never been over half our estate, nor do I know any of our people."

"It is hardly necessary that you should, Estelle."

"Because I am not a son and heir, mamma, that is not my fault. I think I should rather have been a boy than a girl. As a boy I might have found something to interest me."

She was relapsing into difference.

"We will go and see the child by all means," said the duchess, hastily. "To-morrow at eleven the carriage shall be ready, and your father will accompany us; he wishes to look over the estate a little."

At noon next day the ducal party were whirling over the broad, level Downsbury roads toward the home of honest Mark Brace, who, all unconscious of coming honor, drove his team a-field, while Patty guided her household affairs in their usual shining order.

It was Saturday and there was no school for the little ones. Mattie, in brown linen dress, was trotting about after her mother, helping here and there, active and useful.

Little Beauty was making bouquets for herself; dressed in white, because white she would wear continually, and decorated with a sash and shoulder-knots, and deprived of these ornaments, she shrieked vigorously.

"And this," said Lady Estelle, as they drove up, "is Brackenside. I did not know it was so pretty. A fit place for a romance."

Honest Mark, abashed, but happy, was anything but a hero of a romance as he came up to greet the duke.

"Good morning, Mr. Brace," said the duchess, frankly. "We have heard so much of your little foster-child, your fairy changeling, that we drove over to hear her story and to see her. We would like, also, to see your wife and your own little girl."

Mark Brace told the story in his matter-of-fact way, as he ushered his guests into the seldom-used parlor, the pride of Patty's soul.

"It is not half so romantic a story as I thought," yawned Lady Estelle; "but let us see the child since we are here."

Mark withdrew to summon his family.

"Goodness, mamma!" drawled Lady Estelle, "what a stiff, hideous place; framed samplers and horse hair chairs. I should die of it. It is well we are not all born alike."

She lost herself in contemplation of a tall, eight-day clock.

Enter Mark, leading Mattie, and Mrs. Brace carrying the golden haired mystery.

The child was beautiful as our dreams of angels. One small hand rested on Patty's shoulder, the other hung in a graceful curve; her large, clear, smiling eyes met her august guests, sweet and unabashed. The duchess raised her hands.

"She is perfectly angelic!"

"A true fairy," said the duke, taking the child from Patty, and standing her, as a thing to be admired, on the table.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

MOURNING.—Mourning takes odd forms in some countries, but none more curious than at Sitka in India, where, when a woman loses her husband, she mourns him by painting the upper part of her face a deep jet black.

IN CHINA.—Country roads in China are never bounded by fences, but are entirely undefined. While the farmer has the right to plow up any road passing through his land, drivers of vehicles have no equal right, and they exercise it, to traverse any part of the country at large.

A WONDERFUL SPOON.—Mention is made in the long since published memoirs of the Marquis de Villiers, of Paris, of a wonderful spoon once in the possession of his family. The spoon was reputed to be of gold, studded in every part with diamonds of the first water. Four inches in length only, yet the value of this article was stated to be $75,000. Each diamond was the size of a large pin head and there were hundreds of them.

TEA.—Paraguay tea is made from the leaves of the Brazilian holly, and takes the place of tea in nearly the whole of South America, where it has been employed by Indians from time immemorial, and by their conquerors and settlers since the seventeenth century. The tree, if left alone, will acquire a height of fifteen or twenty feet, but the plants from which the leaves are collected are moderate-sized shrubs, with numerous stems from one root.

FISH.—The apparently mysterious way in which newly-formed lakes, ponds, canals, etc., become populated with fish was discussed by some of the members assembled at a recent reunion of the Piscatorial Society at the Holborn restaurant, London. More than one of them considered that this was effected by birds which had been feeding on fish spawn elsewhere, and which, alighting on these new waters, dropped some of the spawn from their bills.

HOW CONTORTIONISTS ARE TRAINED.—The dexterity of a skilled performer is due solely to practice. Contortionists are generally taught at an early age, beginning with some simple motions like bending backward until the head touches the floor, and rising again without the aid of the hands. Afterwards more difficult feats are learned, until the muscles and joints become so supple that the whole frame can be twisted to any angle without discomfort and with apparent ease.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.—James Bartlett, of Gardiner, Me., owns a dog that can be classed among the intelligent ones. His master catches a great many rats in a trap, and is in the habit of taking the rodents in the cage to a nearby stream, placing the cage in the water, thus drowning them. One day Mr. Bartlett was away, and, after waiting quite awhile and he not returning, the dog seized the cage in his teeth, bore it to the stream and dropped it in. It was a big load for him, but he got there on time.

CURIOSITIES OF FISH SCALES.—The thin, silvery coating of fish scales derives its lustre from many minute crystals of lime, mixed with a peculiar substitute called "guanine." This coating of silver crystals is very easily rubbed off the scales, and in the case of a species of carp known as the "bleak" the crystals are so numerous that a metallic pigment, commercially known as "argentine," is made from them. The large glass beads known as "German" or "Roman" pearls, are coated on the inside with this substance. In some species of fish the scales are lustreless, but the silvery lining is found on the inside of the body. This may be seen in the common smelt.

EATING CROW.—"To eat crow" is a phrase whose unpleasant significance has been definitely annihilated. This year plovers being unusually scarce in the woods around Wittenberg, where each spring thousands of these delicious birds are snared for the gourmets in the large cities, it is said a speculative dealer hit upon the plan of trying young crows as a substitute. It was found that crow, when young, experienced and well fed, is a dainty morsel, the flesh white and tender and of fine flavor. Subsequently it was discovered that this dealer and others who followed in his wake had been supplying hotel and private table in Berlin and elsewhere with young crows, under the name of plover, and nobody found out the difference until something told the secret. It is the rival bird dealer engaged in exposing the substitute who is disagreeable in the matter.

IT ALL WILL COME OUT RIGHT.

BY W. W.

Whatever is a cruel wrong,
Whatever is unjust,
The honest years that speed along
Will trample in the dust.
In restless youth I railed at fate
With all my puny might,
But now I know if I but wait
It all will some out right.

Though Vice may don the Judge's gown
And play the censor's part,
And Fact be cowed by Falsehood's frown,
And nature ruled by art;
Though Labor toils through blinding tears,
And Idle Wealth is might,
All know the honest, earnest years
Will bring it all out right.

Though poor and loveless creeds may pass
For pure religion's gold;
Though ignorance may rule the mass,
While truth meets glances cold—
I know a law complete, sublime,
Controls us with its might,
And in God's own appointed time
It all will come out right.

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS" "AN ARCH IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLAIRE went straight to her room. What it had cost her to say that "No," no man can describe, and only a woman can understand.

All the while he had been talking, pleading, her heart had gone out to him. Once or twice her hands had almost dropped the whip, had been stretched out towards him; it was only by recalling his meeting with Lucy, by keeping it before her eyes, that she could find strength enough to resist him.

Some women, loving as she loved, would not have allowed what she had seen to come between them. They would have regarded it as just a man's flirtation with a village girl, would probably have taxed him with it, and have accepted his excuses and forgiven him.

But Claire was not like most women. Her very ignorance of the world and of the ways of the men that dwell therein, prevented her viewing such a flirtation as a matter of no moment.

The fact that he could go straight from her presence with a look of love in his eyes, the word of love warm on his lips, and caress Lucy Hawker, filled her with horror.

And yet his words had borne the accent of truth; he had been so manly in his declaration of love for her. Claire felt bewildered, as if she had been plunged suddenly into a strange world, in which men spoke with the eloquence of truth with a lie in their hearts. She suffered cruelly, for she loved him deeply and passionately.

What joy it would have been to her to tell him of that love; to tell him that she counted her wealth and position as mere dross weighed against the worth of his love!

She wondered what he would do now! Perhaps she had driven him into the arms of Lucy Hawker. At the thought a spasm of jealousy ran through her, and she hid her face in her hands.

Should she go away? However carefully she might avoid him she might see him, and the sight of him would cost her such acute anguish. But no, she would not go away, she was too proud to let him suspect by her flight that she loved him; indeed, she would endeavor so to bear herself that he should think that she had forgotten what had passed between them, or at any rate, deemed it of no importance.

Gerald went out of the house feeling half dazed. Though he had scarcely dared hope that she would accept him, her refusal had completely crushed him. As he recalled her manner of the previous evening, he still felt convinced that there had been something in her eyes which had encouraged him. If that was so, what had since happened?

Perhaps she had had time to consider her position; to remember the difference between them, and her pride had awakened. After all, it was just what he might have expected.

What right had he to hope that the mistress of Court Regna would stoop to love a nameless adventurer?

Well, he deserved his fate. What he had to do now was to keep out of the way while he was compelled to remain at Regna, and to get out of it as soon as possible. He must try and forget her, though it seemed to him that he should never forget her, never cease to love her while life lasted!

As he reached the building Lee came up and spoke to him. Gerald could scarcely bring himself to comprehend what the man was saying, and Lee stopped and looked at him curiously and gravely.

"You are not looking quite the thing this morning, sir," he said.

"I've got the headache," said Gerald.

"You look quite knocked up, sir," said Lee. "I'd go home and take a rest, sir, if I were you. There's no need for you to be at the works for some days. I'd take a holiday, sir."

"A holiday?" said Gerald, vaguely.

"Yes, sir," said Lee. "I've got it all clear before me, and the plans are so straightforward that I could get out the foundation and so on, without troubling you for quite a while. You'd be all the better for a little change, sir."

The man's suggestion was a very welcome one to Gerald. It seemed to him that if he could get away for a little time he could bear the blow better. Every moment he was near the place he would be dreading meeting her.

"I rather think I will take your advice, Lee," he said. "I am feeling rather knocked up, and a change will make me straight again."

He went over the works with Lee, and saw that everything was right to the minutest detail, then he went homeward. The spring had gone out of his step; he walked with his head bent. A very different man to the Gerald Wayre of a few days ago.

He went down to the pier, and, lighting his pipe, stared vacantly at the sea. Like Claire, he was bewildered.

Why had she said "No" so coldly? It was unlike her. She had been kindness and gentleness itself up to this morning. It was strange that she had not said one word of regret for his foolish passion.

"She might have let me down easier!" he said to himself. "It was not like her!" He could not but remember her many acts of kindness; how she had clung to him in the cave; had always treated him as her equal and a friend.

Why, she had gone out of her way to ask him to spend an evening at the Court! Had she been aware of his love all the time, and simply been amusing herself? He put the thought away from him at once. No, he knew her too well to deem her guilty of that.

Her treatment of him was inexplicable. But it didn't matter; he had got his answer, and must put up with it. After all, many a better man than he had loved in vain.

Was he to make moan? He would bear it like a man, and try and forget her. He would go away somewhere and come back and show her that, at least, he felt no resentment of his dismissal. Perhaps, who knows, she would let him be her friend, though she would not accept him as her lover.

A fishing smack was moored to the quay just beneath him, and, for the sake of something to do, he strolled down and spoke to the captain.

"You've got fine weather," he said.

The man assented.

"Yes, I'm hoping it will last," he said. "We sail this evening."

"Where are you going?" asked Gerald, absently.

"Coast o' France," replied the captain, cutting a slab of black tobacco and stowing it away carefully in his left cheek. "I should have started last night, but one o' my hands 'as gone up to Thraxton to see his mother, as is ill. I expected him back afore this, but I suppose she's worse. It's a terrible bad place to get a hand if you want one in a hurry. This 'ere Regna used to turn out the finest seamen in England; but since they've taken to salmon fishin' they've got too lazy to go to sea. It's a darned sight more amusing to loaf about on the quay all day, and just go out watch a net for an hour or two while the tide suits. It's a kind o' gamblin', and once it gets hold of a man it's just as bad as other kinds o' gamblin'. If my man don't turn up, I shall have to sail short-handed; for sail I must to-night."

"I hope he'll turn up," said Gerald, in his pleasant way. He sauntered away and walked along the cliff.

After awhile it occurred to him that he was still in Regna, that he had not decided where to go. He thought of walking into Thraxton, taking a train for—anywhere. Then suddenly he remembered the fishing smack, and what the captain had said. Why shouldn't he offer himself in the place of the missing man, if he had not turned up?

Gerald was a man who came to rapid decisions. The idea suited him. He walked back across the hills to the cottage, and, going to his room, crammed some clothes into a canvas bag, exchanged those he had on for a rough jersey suit, not unlike that worn by the fishermen.

He carried the bag downstairs, intending to ask the lad belonging to the cottage to take the bag to the quay, but no one seemed to be about. Old Hawker was not in his usual place, and Lucy was nowhere to be seen.

He saw through the window that the fishing smack was getting ready to sail; if he meant to go by her there was not a moment to lose. It occurred to him that the Hawkers might like to have some of the money that was due to them from him. He put a couple of sovereigns on the mantelshelf, and, shouldering his bag, left the house, thinking that he should be sure to meet Hawker or Lucy, to whom he could explain that he was going away for a few days.

But he met no one on his way to the quay; most of the men were at the salmon fishing, and a shower had driven the women indoors. There was no time to hunt for someone to take a message, for the smack was getting up her sails. He ran along the quay and jumped on board.

The captain looked at him with natural astonishment.

"Good evening, captain. Has your man come back?"

"No," said the captain.

"If you haven't got another in his place," said Gerald, "perhaps you'll take me! I know the work! In fact I've served before."

The captain's astonishment had not yet subsided, but with the stolidity of his class he acceded to the proposition.

"It's rather a queer fancy for a gentleman, ain't it, sir?" he said. "But you know your own mind, I suppose."

"The fact is, I want a change," said Gerald. "And a little hard work will do me good. Your cruise won't be a long one, I suppose?"

"Can't say," said the captain. "But you can leave the ship when we gets to a French port. You can come with me, if you like," he added; "and, take it bye and large you won't be so very uncomfortable."

"I'm not afraid of that," said Gerald, with a short laugh, as he flung his bag on the deck. "Now, captain, I'm at your service."

They got the sails up, the anchor was weighed, and the smack sailed from the quay bravely. It was rather a singular fact, the significance of which did not strike Gerald until afterwards; that no one on land had seen him go on board The Susan, and that he had left no message behind which could serve as a clue to his movements.

Just about the time Gerald had been sitting on the quay, Mordaunt Bapley was making his way by the crooked and unfrequented path to that part of the beach hidden by the projecting cliff from the view of the little harbor.

He was walking slowly, and with a sullen and thoughtful countenance. He was going to meet Lucy. Only a few months ago he had trod the same path eagerly enough; but that was when his fancy for her was fresh and keen.

Like all weak and selfish men, Mordaunt Bapley had drifted into his intimacy with Lucy without thinking of anything but the gratification of a passing desire, and without considering the consequences; and, in the first flush of his enjoyment of the conquest of the simple hearted girl, he had pushed all thought of those consequences from him. But when he had begun to grow weary of her, they had commenced to loom ominously before him.

Matters were growing awkward. The little fool, as Mordaunt mentally called her, had actually believed in his promise to marry her.

She was getting troublesome. It would have been awkward enough under any circumstances, but under those in which he was placed, it was most serious.

He was entirely dependent on his father. At no time would Mr Bapley have consented to Mordaunt's marrying the daughter of a Regna inn-keeper; certainly not now when he had actually set his mind upon Mordaunt's gaining the hand of the mistress of Court Regna.

Mordaunt knew that, fond as his father was of him, ambition occupied as large a share in his heart as affection for his son, and that if he, Mordaunt, were to dare to thwart that ambition, his father would cast him off without the least compunction.

The idea of going to him and telling him that he would have the honor of being father in-law to Lucy Hawker, was not to be entertained for a moment.

Besides, Mordaunt himself never intended to keep his promise, never at any time, even in the first flush of his vicious passion; certainly not now, when he, too, began to think that there might be a chance of marrying Miss Sartoris.

His heart beat fast with ambition and self conceit as he told himself that Miss Sartoris had accepted his flower, and had smiled on him of late. Who knew? There might actually be something in his father's assertion that he could help him to become master of Court Regna?

He cursed himself as a fool for having got himself mixed up, entangled, with a low-bred love affair. If the slightest whisper of it reached the ears of Miss Sartoris, away went all chance of his success in that quarter. His father would be furious, and, in his fury, would probably disown his son and cast him on the world. So that he would lose not only all prospect of marrying Miss Sartoris, but of inheriting his father's ill gotten wealth.

What should he do? A change seemed to have come over Lucy lately. She, who used to be so docile, so yielding, had seemed to him to have grown impatient and even suspicious.

He felt that his hackneyed promises and honeyed speeches would have no longer any effect. She had began to doubt him.

His face grew darker, and he gnawed his lip as he went down the cleft in the rock towards the meeting place, and it was only by an effort that he cleared his face from the scowl which made him look so like his father, as he came in sight of Lucy.

She was seated on a rock, and she did not spring forward to meet him as of old, but waited until he came close up to her, then she looked up at him with something like reproach in her eyes.

"You did not come last night, Mordaunt?" she said.

"I couldn't," he said, stooping to kiss her. "I was detained at work for the governor; but I'm here now. What's the matter? You look as if you'd lost a fortune."

She glanced at him, then gazed out at sea with a pathetic gravity.

"I have been thinking, Mordaunt," she said, "and when a woman thinks when she has done what I have done, it makes her and Mordaunt, I want you to listen to me Don't be angry!" she clasped her hands tightly in her lap. "I want to tell you what I have decided to do"

"Well, what have you decided to do?" he said, with assumed lightness. "Something terrible?"

"Yes, it is terrible," she replied, in a low voice. "I have resolved to tell my father."

He started, and his lips grew together. "Tell your father, Lucy?" he said. "Do you want to ruin me?"

"God knows I don't want to do that, Mordaunt!" she said, "but I can't bear it any longer. I seem as if my eyes were suddenly opened to the wickedness. I can't bear it any longer! Somehow, something seems to tell me that you have been deceiving me, that you never intended to make me your wife, never intended to let your father know!" She looked up at his face. It was very pale, and his eyelids were well down over his eyes.

"This is rather sudden, Lucy, isn't it?" he said. "You take me by surprise."

"It is sudden," she said, "it doesn't come all from myself. I've had advice, good advice."

He started. "Who's been giving you advice?" he demanded.

"Mr. Wayre," she replied.

His face flushed hotly, and he darted a look of positive hatred at her.

"Do you mean to say you told him?" he said thickly.

"No, no! oh, no!" she said, with a little shudder, "but I met him last night, and he saw by my face that I was in trouble, and advised me, in his kind, gentle way, to tell my father; and I must do so, Mordaunt."

Mordaunt's face cleared somewhat. He stood biting at his moustache. He had inherited something of his father's shrewdness, and he saw at once that it would be useless to remonstrate with her, or attempt to cajole her.

What should he do? Ruin stared him in the face. If she told her father, old Hawker would go straight to Mr. Bapley; all Regna would would be eager to avenge the wrong inflicted upon Lucy, who was the accepted belle of the place. He must temporise.

It is at such moments that terrible temptation assails such men as Mordaunt Napley. Their very cowardice and weakness of character gives them a double strength. Your coward will do anything, will commit any crime, to save his miserable skin, or secure his selfish comfort.

A terrible temptation assailed Mordaunt Napley. Satan was whispering in his ear, as he stood there in the gloaming, beside the innocent girl he had ruined. He tried weakly to put it from him, but it clung to him like loathsome embraces of a serpent coiling round his heart. He laughed a discordant laugh, and Lucy looked up at him with a slight start.

"It's funny how things come about!" he said. "It's singular you should have arrived at the decision just as I have arrived at a solution of our little difficulty, Lucy."

"What do you mean, Mordaunt?" she asked.

"Why, I mean that I too have come to the conclusion that things can't go on like this any longer. It's not fair to you, dear. I know you think I'm selfish, and, perhaps I am a little, but I don't lose sight of your interests also. Now look here, dearest, I'm going to be quite plain with you. You tell your father as you threaten, and I'm a ruined man; and you're ruined too. There would be an awful row, and my father would cast me off without a penny, and we should be just as far away from being married as we are now. In fact, it's a foolish plan of yours and I've got a far better one."

She looked at him patiently.

"Why shouldn't we go off together and be quietly married?"

The color flooded her face, and her lips trembled.

"Why shouldn't we go to-night?" he said. "We could catch the night mail from Thraxton, and be married in London to-morrow, or the day after. A day won't matter." He sneered covertly.

She rose, her hands clasped tightly, her face pale with emotion,

"Mordaunt!" she breathed,

"Why not?" he said. "Nothing's easier. After we're married you can keep quiet in London. You can make some excuse for leaving so suddenly, or you can tell your father the truth, and bind him to secrecy. He'll hold his tongue for your sake."

"Yes!" she murmured. "He would keep our secret—if we were married."

"Just so," said Mordaunt, "and as there's no time like the present, I say let us go to night. My father's away and will know nothing. I can come back in a day or two's time. Now, if you're willing, we'll start at once."

She looked round her confusedly. She was all of a tremble.

"I can't go like this, Mordaunt!" she breathed. "I must have some clothes!"

He had foreseen this, and he nodded assentingly. "Run up home and get what will go into a small bundle," he said. "Mind no one sees you, and come back as quickly as possible. Women are sharp at that kind of thing."

She did not notice the sneer. "Oh, Mordaunt! I am shaking all over," she said.

He drew her to him, and kissed her with a Judas kiss.

"It's all right!" he said. "Run up and get the bundle. I'll wait here. We'll walk along the cliff to Thraxton and catch the mail and to-morrow, or the day after, you will be Mrs. Mordaunt Napley!"

She stood for a moment with her hand to her head, then with a long look at him, a look of gratitude and love, she sped away.

When she had gone, Mordaunt Napley sank on to the rock where she had been sitting, and stared out to sea. A cold shaking fit seized him, and he shook like a leaf.

The hellish thought in his mind was like the presence of a very demon, and overmastered him. Even then he would have turned back from the path upon which his feet were stepping, a path that shone redly as with blood.

But now it was too late, for though it had seemed to him but a few minutes, he heard her footsteps returning upon the rocky track, and he started to his feet, white, still, but trembling no longer.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes," she panted. "I got the things without anyone seeing me. Here they are. It is only a small bundle: you will not be ashamed of me, Mordaunt?"

"No, no!" he said, hastily. "Let us go; there is just time to catch the mail."

They ascended to the cliff path. She was panting still. He tried to speak, but could find no words; his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. She must have felt the silence oppressive, for she said:—

"Mordaunt, speak to me!"

He turned and looked at her.

"What's the matter?"

She could not see his face, but there must have been something in the tone of his voice which gave her warning.

"Mordaunt!" she gasped. "I am afraid! I can't do it! I can't go and leave my father without a word! Let us go back!"

He gripped her arm.

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" he hissed. "It's too late to go back!"

"I must! I must!" she cried. Unconsciously she raised her voice.

He gripped her still more tightly and looked round fearfully.

"Hold your tongue!" he said; thickly, his mouth close to her ear. "Someone will hear us!"

But fear had gained possession of her, a vague fear no less terrible for its vagueness.

"I will go no 'arther, Mordaunt!" she said in broken accents. "Let me go back and tell my father?"

He laughed and seized her other arm. "You'd rather ruin me, you fool!" he exclaimed.

"No! no! I don't want to ruin you, Mordaunt. Let me go back, and I'll promise not to say a word!"

"As if I'd trust you or any other woman," he snarled. His face wore the expression it had worn when he had beaten the terrier pup.

She strove to wrench her arms from his grasp. He had edged her, perhaps unconsciously, to the brink of the cliff. He heard the sea rolling in the dizzy depth below him, the demon of murder, that had been whispering at his ear for an hour past, now prompted him.

He forced her still nearer the edge, then, as she swayed on the brink, he released her arms and she fell over, fell with a cry that seemed to go through him like a knife.

CHAPTER XV.

THE moment she had fallen, Mordaunt realized what he had done. He stood alone on the edge of the cliff, the girl who had loved him so devotedly, was lying on the beach beneath. He who ought to have cherished and protected her against every ill, had taken her life.

He was a murderer!

As he realized the fact, Mordaunt obeying the impulse which comes to every shedder of blood, looked round him fearfully. Had anyone seen them, together, had anyone heard her terrible cry, the cry that was still ringing in his ears?

All was still, he seemed to be alone, alone with the spirit that had prompted him to do the deed, and now mocked him with a futile remorse.

At that moment, Mordaunt Napley would have bartered all his hopes of winning Claire, of inheriting his father's wealth, of life itself, for Lucy's presence once more beside him.

The whole seemed like a hideous dream. Surely it was impossible that he, a gentleman, a Varsity man, who vaunted himself of his culture and refinement, could have stooped to a common, vulgar murder! What a fool he had been!

If things had come to the worst, if Lucy had carried out her threat and made known their intrigue, matters would not have been so bad after all.

He might have given the Hawkers money, any amount of money, might have left Regna until the storm blew over. He had done no more than many another young man. She would have suffered, but the people would have forgiven him his share in the business and soon forgotten it.

He tore at his lips as these thoughts passed through his mind, and cursed himself aloud; then fears for his own safety began to crowd upon him.

The body was lying on the beach; it would be found by one of the fishermen or coastguard; if the tide washed it out to sea it would be picked up by one of the boats. He must do something with it! But what?

Looking round again, listening intently, he, stooping low, descended the cliff, going in a zigzag from ledge to ledge, in a way that he would not dare to have attempted in broad daylight, and under ordinary circumstances. That he reached the bottom in safety is an extraordinary fact. The sky was cloudy, but the moon behind the drifts lent him sufficient light by which to see the slight form stretched out upon the shore.

She was lying upon a little strip of sand with her face upturned. He stumbled towards her, and, almost lying beside her, laid his hand upon her heart; it was quite still; he knew that she was dead.

He gazed at the white face with a red streak across it from a wound on her forehead; gazed in a kind of stupor. Suddenly a kind of hope seized him. Why should not people think she had fallen over the cliff?

The blood flew to his face, then left it white again, as a groan burst from his lips; his eyes had fallen upon her wrists, upon which were the red marks of his fingers; they would be black presently, and would tell their own tale.

He rose to his feet, and, swaying to and fro, clasped his head in his hands. What should he do with the body? His eye fell upon a piece of wood, which had washed ashore from some wreck; its shape bore, or he fancied that it bore, some resemblance to a spade, and it gave him an idea.

He sprang at it and began to dig in the patch of sand. He dug with feverish energy, the sweat pouring off him in streams, his eyes never lifted from his task until he had excavated a hole some three feet deep.

Then he strengthened his back and approached the body. He went towards it slowly, looking over his shoulder, as if he dared not permit his eyes to rest on it; three or four times his hands stretched out towards it before he could summon courage to touch it, and when he did so, a shudder shook him from head to foot.

He dragged the body into the hole, and began to cover it with sand. What horrors seized and shook him during this gruesome business no pen can describe; once or twice he was compelled to stop, overcome by a deathly sickness. He fancied he could see her face looking up at him reproachfully, could hear her voice pleading for her life.

When he had filled in the sand, he dragged some rocks and stones over the grave, arranging them as naturally as possible; then he stopped and looked seaward. In another hour the tide would cover the spot and smooth away all evidence of his work.

He was safe!

His brain was working acutely now, and he could plan. In case the body should by some miracle be recovered, and he should be suspected, it would be well for him to be able to prove an alibi. There was just time for him to go round the cliff and on to the Thraxton road by a path he knew, before the tide rose. He would go into the hotel at Thraxton, and talk with some one. Chance might help him.

He started off and had rounded the point for which he was making, just as the tide was within a foot of his path; then suddenly he stopped and a hot wave rushed over him. The bundle which Lucy had been carrying! What had become of it? Had she dropped it on the cliffs? No, he felt sure that she had not done so; he remembered that it was slung upon her arm as he gripped her. It must be lying somewhere on the beach, somewhere near where she had fallen. He looked back; the tide was coming up, there would be no time to retrace his steps and return. he dared not risk climbing the cliff, for his knees shook under him and his head was in a whirl. He must leave it! But, Oh, heavens! the terrible danger that lurked in the discovery of that bundle! It haunted him all the way to Thraxton, and just as he entered the town a man with a carrier's cart met him. He made a slight detour so that he came in from inland.

The man gave him good night, and asked him the time. Mordaunt glanced at his watch by the light of the man's lantern and was about to give him the right time, then, with a flash of cunning, he said ten, instead of half past.

"Lor! I thought it was later," said the man.

"That's the right time," said Mordaunt, standing full in the light of the lantern and forcing a smile. "Good-night."

He went on and reached the hotel. Outside he paused a moment, and then went round to the billiard room which the enterprising landlord had built at the back. He looked in at the window; the room was empty, the gas turned low. He opened the door stealthily, and entering, stretched himself full length upon one of the settees.

He lay there for about a quarter of an hour, when the billiard-marker entered.

"Good evening, sir, he said, turning up the gas. "I didn't know anyone was here, Mr. Napley."

Mordaunt stretched himself and yawned. "I've been here this last hour or more," he said, daringly.

"Have you, now, sir!" said the marker. "I am very sorry. I've been busy in the bar. And you've been waiting for a game all this time?"

"It doesn't matter," said Mordaunt; "I just came over for the walk; came along the turn-pike road, and, feeling rather tired, I fell asleep."

"You do look rather done up, sir," said the marker.

Mordaunt edged along the settee, out of the light of the billiard lamp.

"That's your fancy," he said, sharply. "I never felt better in my life. Get me a glass of brandy."

Immediately the man had left the room, Mordaunt sprang upon the settee and put the clock above his head half an hour behind time. It was an irregular clock at the best of times, as he knew well; but it would serve his purpose; at any rate it would set up a doubt, and a doubt saves where murder is concerned. He had raced along from the beach; the carrier's evidence, the time by the billiard room clock, would serve to set up an alibi.

The man came back with the brandy, and Mordaunt, with his back to him, only pretended to put in the water, and drank the spirit neat. He had a fifty game with the marker, and strove every nerve to win it—and did so, another point in his favor. What murderer would come red-handed from his deed of blood and win a game from the marker?

He talked and laughed more than usual, and when the game was over went and lolled against the bar, chaffing the barmaid, while he drank some more brandy.

"You've got a long walk, Mr. Napley," she said. "You'd better let us put the gig to for you."

But he refused the offer. "I shall enjoy the walk," he said. "I've been resting here nearly a couple of hours."

He lit a cigar and left the hotel with a laugh on his lips. As he walked along he felt strangely excited. He had drunk the first lot of brandy neat, and had taken very little water with the others, and not being accustomed to raw spirits, they had taken effect upon him.

After all, as he had told himself as he walked along, things were not so bad. It wasn't murder, come to consider it coolly. She had edged toward the cliff of her own accord, he had only let go of her arms. And he was free of her! She had been a stumbling block in his path, a standing menace.

No one would find her, and if they did, no one would suspect him, Mr. Mordaunt Napley, a 'Varsity man, of such a vulgar crime. He began to whistle, but presently the whistle died away. Exhaustion was coming upon him.

He had gone through enough that night to drive even a strong minded man into a lunatic asylum. When he reached the house he was limp and trembling. As he opened the door his father came into the passage. The sight of him gave Mordaunt a turn, he had not expected him back for a couple of days.

"Is that you, Mordy," asked Mr. Napley. "You're very late!"

"I am rather," said Mordaunt, trying to speak with his affected drawl.

Mr. Napley looked at him as he followed into the parlor.

"What's the matter?" he asked, bending his brows.

"Matter?" said Mordaunt, thickly, and with a ghastly attempt at a smile; the light and the heat of the stuffy room made him reel. "Nothing. What should be the matter?"

Mr. Napley peered at him. "You look queer," he said. "Where have you been?"

Mordaunt had hoped to reach his room unseen; this unexpected meeting with his father and his questioning unnerved him.

"I've been to Thraxton for a game of billiards," he said. "Beaten the marker, too. I've been there since nine o'clock. I say, nine o'clock!"

Old Napley eyed him keenly. "You've been drinking," he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRANSIENT.—There was an angry light in her beautiful dark eyes as she paced the floor recklessly. It was a painful discovery for the happy bride of three months to make—this little packet, endorsed in her husband's handwriting, "July, 1894." And the lock of raven hair—she crushed it fiercely in her hand as she glanced in the mirror at the reflection of her own blonde tresses. "July, 1894." Why, at that time, he was her devoted admirer, her slave, her declared and accepted lover! She sat down and buried her face in her hands. Suddenly she started up joyously. It was all clear to her now. The explanation of the mystery had dawned upon her. In July, 1894, she had been a brunette.

THE ROSE OF THE WORLD.

BY W. B. Y.

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died.

We and the laboring world are passing by;
Amid men's souls, that waver and give place,
Like the pale waters in their wintry race,
Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,
Lives on this lovely face.

Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode;
Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one lingered by His seat;
He made the world to be a grassy road,
Before her wandering feet.

With a Comudi.

BY A. P.

GARTH and I got our holiday at the same time, and, shaking off us the dust of Georgetown and civilization, in South America, we went out together into the wilds.

When we came back again, he was laden with spoils for his cherished botanical and zoological collection, and I had gained some experiences that were distinctly new to me.

One of those experiences ran up into an adventure, and a very unpleasant adventure.

The scene of my adventure did not belong to the large, little explored interior of the country, where adventures are to be had for the picking-up—and gold too, if the very earliest as well as the very latest reports of Guiana are to be relied on. Certainly I have a story to tell about that wonderful interior, but it must stand by till another time.

No, the extent of Garth's holiday and mine did not admit of roaming. We had to be content with hiring a large bateau, with four lusty negroes to paddle it, and going just as far up the Essequibo river as our tether of time would let us.

That was not very far, for we spent a large part of our allotted time in exploring *every* promising-looking creek that we passed, and wherever it was practicable we left the bateau and dived into the forest with our guns.

One evening, at sundown, we camped on a tiny savannah on the side of the prettiest creek we had yet paddled up—a creek which seemed to present, at every bend, a different variety of tropical scenery and the best sample of that variety.

We hung our hammocks up in a clump of graceful bamboos, lit a fire, and presently had supper. Garth, who had got a touch of fever on him, declined supper, dosed himself with quinine, and retired to his hammock, where he lay tossing and growling.

Garth's noble rage for collecting the carcasses of beasts, birds and plants was tempered by a tendency to take fever whenever it was there to be taken.

Around the dying fire the negro boatmen laughed and chatted boisterously among themselves.

I, having no one to talk to, and nothing to do, followed Garth's example and got into my hammock. Presently, I fell fast asleep.

When I awoke the bright tropical moon was riding high in the heavens. Under its rays, the little savannah looked exactly like a park that had mysteriously found its way into the midst of a South American forest. I felt too wide-awake to go to sleep again.

I slipped out of my hammock and strolled down to the water's edge.

On the opposite side of the creek, the trees and bushes formed a towering, seemingly impenetrable mass of foliage, festooned with gay bignonias and flaming orange nasturtiums, and with flowering orchids of all kinds that, in the daytime, made an embroidery of glowing colors on the green background.

The moonlight had stolen the glow from the flowers and foliage, it is true, and they now looked somewhat anæmic in its pale rays. But they had assumed, as an offset, an air of delicate spirituality.

The whole scene with its subdued white light, its undecided tints, its graces of dimly revealed form, made me feel that I was in real fairyland where the life of nature and the fairies is attuned to a faint minor key.

But nothing lasts in this world. There was disillusion in the loud continuous "croak-croak" of the burra-barararoos—there are no tree-frogs in fairyland; nor does the sudden howl of a monkey jar on the ear there. Then one of our negroes snored lustily in his sleeping-place somewhere behind me, and my disillusionment was complete.

I looked down at the black-brown water in which the bateau rested motionless.

I felt tingling with life and energy and unrest. It suddenly became to me an all-important thing to be off by myself and see what lay behind the next bend of the creek.

In another minute I was in the bateau and paddling contentedly up stream. Those I left in our little camp slept steadily on.

The next bend of the creek, and the next, and the next, and a good many more were passed, and still I had not sated my curiosity as to what lay behind the point I had last reached.

Presently the creek broadened out into a small lagoon. On one side of the lagoon was a low stretch of ground covered with long gleaming grass, chiefly razor grass. Tall, graceful Itah palms were dotted over this ground, which stunted wallaba trees and mocco-mocco and prickly soweri palms sufficiently proclaimed to be swamp.

I was lazily skirting the swamp when the bateau ran on a nasty snag, and, after vainly exhausting all lesser efforts to get it off, I had at last to take my weight out of the boat. Standing above my knees in water on an insecure footing of fibrous roots, I tugged and pushed at the bateau until, finally, with one herculean shove, I got it off the snag.

But I had overdone the thing. My herculean shove had sent the bateau spinning right out into the lagoon, and I was floundering on my face in the water, hugging the snag tightly with both hands. I scrambled to my feet and ruefully realised the situation.

I could see that the bateau had already got into deep water, and was drifting with the current back into the creek. I could not go after it, for, apart from the question of alligators, my evil destiny had so arranged things that I had never learned to swim.

I breathed a fervent wish that the boat might not drift past our camping place unobserved, and then I had to turn my attention to myself, for I was gradually sinking deeper in the water.

I lost no time in scrambling on to the swamp. It seemed to me that more water than anything else went to the composition of this swamp. There was no stable footing anywhere except about the roots of the trees, and I tried to improve my position by climbing one of a little group of wallabas that grew near the edge of the swamp.

There I found a surprisingly comfortable seat, with a back too—formed by the fork of two queerly-twisted branches. My tree and its neighbors evidently lived unhappily on this spot, for they were stunted and gnarled, and had a melancholy insufficiency of foliage.

My surroundings, like my situation, were certainly rather depressing, but I can hardly say I felt depressed. My temperament is sanguine—to an irrational degree, friends tell me—and I didn't doubt that things would turn out as I wanted them to.

I was possessed of a comfortable, though ill-grounded conviction, that some one would be opportunely awake in our camp as the bateau was drifting past, would secure the boat, discover my absence, and, understanding what had happened, paddle off at once to my rescue.

Despite my dripping garments, I was pleasantly warm, and, though I knew that fever microbes were swarming up in their greedy millions from the swamp, it gave me no concern: fever microbes had always treated me hitherto as a privileged person. I grew drowsy and ended by falling asleep.

I was awakened by the loud weird call of a maam from the bush on the opposite side of the lagoon. I sat up and remembered where I was.

The moon was still shining brightly, but there were no signs of my rescuers. Was it possible that the boat had drifted past the camp unobserved?

I was really about to consider the serious bearings of this question when something stirred on the tree nearest me. I turned my head to see what bird this something was. Then I had no thoughts for anything else.

There, facing me, with its body loosely coiled round the neighboring wallaba, was a huge water-boa or Comudi snake.

The foliage of the tree was too scanty to obstruct the moonlight, and I instantly recognized what the creature was, for, only a few days before, both Garth and I had had an unsuccessful shot at a Comudi sunning itself on a log on the river bank.

I had heard a great deal about Comudi snakes, more than it was agreeable to recollect just then.

My neighbor, with a gentle undulatory motion of his head, looked at me. I looked at him. I am absolutely certain that he must have derived more pleasure from that interchange of looks than I did. A cold perspiration broke out upon me.

Here at last was a situation in which it was impossible for me to believe that things would turn out as I wished. I could not fight, nor could I run away on that swamp. I was weaponless, helpless, and I quite understood that the boa would not refrain from taking advantage of my helplessness.

If he were gorged with food, no doubt he would exercise a passive courtesy and leave me unmolested; but he was very evidently not gorged with food. He looked hungry.

I had an irresistible conviction that it was my destiny to serve him for a late supper. It gave me a very queer sensation to look at his rather lean girth and think that, in a short time, I should be making him bulge out to an unseemly extent.

The thought was humiliating too. A much more dignified ending to my strong young life would have been an attack of Yellow Jack and a grave in the Georgetown cemetery.

Following this thought came the sudden remembrance of one of the many tearful little regrets which my mother had expressed when I was leaving her and England to try my fortunes in Demerara. It was to the effect that, "if anything should happen" to me out there, she should be denied the sad consolation of tending my grave and weeping over it.

The idea of my dear mother wishing to shed tears and flowers on my grave struck me as exquisitely funny, in view of what that grave was going to be. I could not fancy an Anaconda lending itself easily to be wept over. I burst into a loud fit of laughter, though I was certainly far from feeling mirthful.

Thoughts move quickly, and not more than half a minute had elapsed between my first sighting the serpent and my burst of laughter.

I had never taken my eyes off him for a second, and now, when I let out my mirthless cackle, I saw that he suddenly stopped the gentle movement of his head and shrunk back a little as if daunted by the sound.

A wild gleam of hope lit up the situation for me. Might it not be possible by noisy demonstrations on my part to frighten him away, or at least to deter him from attacking me? With daylight—surely with daylight—help must come.

If not from Garth and the boatmen, then from the Indians. There were Indians living on that creek, I knew, and at daylight some would surely be about in their canoes. If I could only keep the Comudi at bay till then!

Thereupon, I began making violent gestures with my arms, and I emitted a series of blood-curdling yells which I think even Fuzzy-Wuzzy, in his home in the Soudan, could scarcely have bettered.

The Comudi did not unwind his tail and flee. But he was evidently impressed by those demonstrations—strongly impressed. They seemed to take the keen edge off his appetite.

No doubt he wanted his supper very badly, but, as there seemed to be something in it he didn't quite understand, he evidently decided to inspect it a little longer before making his assault.

So he continued to inspect me with cold glittering eyes, while I tried, by converting my arms into windmills, every now and then, and yelling at the top of my voice, to make him afraid of attacking me. My tactics were so far successful, but the anaconda was not to be frightened off the field.

He seemed to know instinctly that my powers were limited and his position secure. With some of his great black and yellow coils embracing the tree, and the rest reposing gracefully among the branches, he looked very much at home—as I daresay he was.

How slowly the time passed! I suppose the Comudi, having, seemingly, no pressing engagement elsewhere, didn't find it very tedious waiting till the supper he had in view should cool down enough to let him begin upon it, but I shall never forget the long, torturing suspense that waiting meant to me.

Every moment I was expecting him to overcome his doubts of me and make the fatal spring; and I kept an unwinking watch upon him, with my nerves strung up to an almost unbearable degree of tension.

Then, as time went on, the violence of my demonstrations to keep the Comudi in awe began to exhaust me physically. I grew hopeless of escaping those cruel jaws, though I was doggedly determined to show fight to the end.

My thoughts would conjure up all the horrible details of that end, and dwell on them with an odd fascination. Sooner or later my vigilance must relax, and then the watchful serpent would seize his opportunity and hurtle himself through the air upon me.

I would feel his sharp teeth piercing my flesh. Then I would know myself involved in the cold, scaly coils of his body, and feel them pressing tighter, till my ribs cracked, and suffocation began. And then—well, I hoped I should be dead before he commenced swallowing me.

It seems rather absurd that at that moment I should have felt a sort of finnicking disgust at the idea of being passed through the process of deglutition, but I did.

The dreadful hours passed somehow, and morning found me—a ghastly-looking object I make, no doubt—still perched on the wallaba, desperately watching my neighbor on the other tree.

My body ached with fatigue, the wild motions I still made with my arms, from time to time, were purely mechanical, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I seemed to be almost past thinking or feeling about what was going to happen to me.

As the sun rose, the Comudi began, by his restlessness, to plainly express his indignation at having his supper merged in his breakfast in this fashion.

I had seen that, latterly, my attempts to intimidate him were losing their effect, and I knew that the end was at hand. I did not seem to care.

Yet, all the same, I got out my pocket-knife and opened it. I think I meant to try to do something with it, if the Comudi wasn't too quick for me.

I waited, making no further attempt to delay the Comudi's fatal spring. It seemed to me that I waited long before it came; but perhaps I was mistaken.

There was a slight noise, and I had a blurred vision of something darting towards me.

Instinctively, I leaned forward and threw out the hand which held the knife. At the same instant, I felt myself encircled by the huge body of the anaconda.

The touch of the reptile seemed to galvanize me into fresh life; I looked and saw what I had escaped by my sudden, unthinking change of position. The boa's powerful jaws were nearly closed in the wood of the wallaba, exactly at the spot where my head had been resting the instant before.

I remembered that the peculiar formation of the teeth of boas makes it difficult for them to let go what they have once seized with their mouths, and I simultaneously divined my advantage. Bringing my free right hand with the knife into play, I struck repeatedly at the Comudi's massive coils, devoutly trusting to reach some vital part.

I was sitting in the fork of two branches which were both included in the Comudi's embrace, and as the pressure of his powerful muscles were first expended on those, I had not felt it as yet. But now I heard the slighter branch crack, and immediately afterwards I felt the terrible convulsions tightening around me.

I was sure all was over, but, actuated by a blind instinct of revenge rather than by a hope of setting myself free, I again and again drove my knife up to the handle into the encircling folds. The last time it broke, but it had done its work.

The Comudi's great coils, with blood spurting out of some of them, spasmodically unwound themselves and fell limply down.

But, as his teeth were still buried in the wood of the tree, a big length of him remained hanging plump with the wallaba, while the rest—a good twenty feet—trailed on the ground. A violent tremor ran through him from head to tail, and then he hung motionless. He was dead.

If I had been a woman, I suppose I should have fainted then. As it was I sat quite still, staring stupidly at the dead Comudi. Now and then I put out my hand timidly, like a child, and touched the still flexible carcass.

After a time I heard the sound of paddles. I looked round slowly, and there was an Indian in a large woodskin, paddling down the stream. I hailed him with a rather feeble croak.

He paddled quickly towards me, stared blankly at me and the pendant, blood-stained Comudi, and said, "Hmh!" He did not seem to quite take in the situation.

He could not speak English and I could not speak Macusi. But the language of signs is universal, and, in a very short time, both I and the Comudi were stowed away somehow in the wood skin beside the Indian.

The serpent's huge carcase made it rather a tight fit, but I didn't mean to leave him to the king vultures—I wanted to have at least something to show for what I had suffered.

On our way down to the camp we came upon the errant bateau with its nose gently run into the soft ooze bank. Apparently, it had drifted only a short distance before sticking.

We transhipped ourselves into the bateau and took the wood skin, with the boat in tow.

As we approached the camp I saw Garth walking about in a very forcible style, and I knew, by the token, that he was angry. I could perceive that it might be with me he was angry. It was.

"When next the whim takes you to go off in the bateau by yourself, Kenyon," he shouted out angrily, as soon as he caught sight of me, "you will please have the courtesy to manage it so as not to upset all our arrangements. We were, as you know, to break up camp and start away at dawn, and now——"

Then his tone suddenly changed as the bateau and the woodskin touched the landing-place.

"By Jove, my dear fellow, where did you get hold of that Comudi? It's the biggest I've ever set eyes on! It can't be less than thirty feet long! My dear Kenyon, I wish I had been with you!"

"You wouldn't if you knew," I said with a burst of laughter that was in truth a little hysterical.

Then I took a good grip of his friendly shoulder.

"Garth, old chap, is it a few hours or a few years since I last saw that sunburnt old phiz of yours?"

Garth ran his shortsighted eyes inquiringly over my dirty, blood stained garments. Then he looked anxiously at the Comudi.

"It's a pity you've hacked him so," he said regretfully. "It rather spoils the skin for preserving."

"I wasn't thinking of your confounded old museum when I was killing him," I said laughing. "But I'll make you a present of him now, if you think his skin worth having."

"Worth having! Kenyon, you are a downright good fellow," cried Garth joyfully. He made a rush to get the Comudi out of the woodskin, but half way there he bethought himself and stopped to ask, with polite concern, if I had had hard work in killing the boa.

"Oh, the killing of him was the only part of the business I really most enjoyed. But what went before!—Garth, old fellow, I have a story to tell."

And, after I had had a good stiff nobbler of brandy-and-water, I told my story. I think I told it rather well then, for Garth was moved to strong sympathy and interest.

He was really much concerned that I should have had such a terrible and well-nigh fatal experience, but, all the same, whenever his eye lighted upon the latest and finest addition to his darling collection, it was evident that he could not regret my encounter with the Comudi.

WHAT FLOWERS MEAN.

The following interesting article is printed by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

The bell flower is symbolic of gratitude.

The American cowslip indicates devotion.

The candytuft is an emblem of indifference.

The oat plant is, in Italy, regarded as emblematic of music.

The honey flower is, in Mexico, considered symbolic of secret love.

The blossom of the pear, is in Austria, considered indicative of affection.

The lotus in India is emblematic of life, in ancient Egypt it was a death flower.

The moss rosebud is, in Peru, considered as a symbol of the confession of love.

The common columbine is, among the English common people, symbolic of folly.

The peach blossom indicates submission, though why nobody has been able to guess.

The purple columbine, in both England and Scotland, is symbolic of determination.

The snowball is symbolic of winter, its name and appearance evidently suggesting the idea.

The horse chestnut is indicative of luxury. The idea was probably suggested by the size of the burrs.

The crabapple blossom, in the country districts of Prussia, is regarded as an emblem of inconstancy.

The white daisy is emblematic of innocence, the color of the flower probably suggesting the symbolism.

The gillyflower is symbolic of lasting beauty. In some localities this flower retains its freshness for many days.

Mint is symbolic of virtue, although when used as a constituent of cooling drinks it is not always promotive of good conduct.

The calla lily is considered emblematic of feminine beauty, its perfect whiteness symbolizing the purity of female character.

The arbor vitæ is indicative of unchanging friendship, the symbol being no doubt suggested by the evergreen of the plant.

The myrtle plant has always been regarded as an emblem of love. Among the Greeks and Romans it was planted in cemeteries.

The box is regarded as symbolic of constancy. It is several times thus alluded to in the lighter English poems of the last century.

The golden rod, which was advocated some time as the national flower of the United States, is emblematic of encouragement.

The fern is indicative of fascination. In Saxony the present by a lover to his sweetheart of a handful of ferns is equivalent to a proposal.

The verbena is indicative of sensibility. This plant is said by some naturalists to display almost animate reason in choosing its habitat.

The pink is considered in the south of France symbolic of pure affection. Peasant girls along the French Riviera wear pinks at their weddings.

In the south of France the handing of a sweet pea by a young lady to a young gentleman is a polite way of stating that she is tired of his company.

The honeysuckle symbolizes a bond of love. The climbing habit of this plant, clinging as it does to any support, is responsible for the symbolism.

The China aster is set down in floral dictionaries as indicative of remembrance. It is said that the same significance is attached to it by the Chinese.

The red carnation is regarded in Spain as an emblem of despair. There is a tradition in Andalusia that the flower sprang from the blood of the Virgin Mary.

The corn tassel is symbolic of riches, though the low price of the product during the last few years has deprived the symbol of much of its former significance.

The Venus fly trap is indicative of danger. There is no question that this symbol was originated by the habits of the flower, it being a deadly trap for small insects.

The witch hazel in all parts of Great Britain is considered as a magic plant. In many local traditions it is alluded to as playing a part in charms and incantations.

Among the peasants of Holland the gift of a straw between lovers is considered as indicating a hope of concord: finding a broken straw symbolizes a coming quarrel.

The white camelia has been a favorite flower in France ever since the publication of Dumas' "Dame aux Camelias." In that country it is regarded as symbolic of loveliness.

The primrose is, in England, an emblem of inconstancy. The name signifies that it is the prime rose, or the first rose of the spring, this flower opening before most others.

In the country districts of southern England the present of a bachelor's button to an unmarried man is a strong hint he ought to change his condition as soon as possible.

The quaking grass and sensitive plant symbolize agitation, the peculiar habit possessed by those of trembling at the slightest touch having no doubt suggested the symbolism.

The acacia has for a long time been regarded in the East as the emblem of concealed love. The notion is purely fanciful, for there is nothing about the plant to suggest the idea.

The scarlet fuschia is symbolic of good taste. There is nothing prettier than a bed of these flowers, the brilliancy of their hue being admirably set off by the green of their foliage.

The American elm has been suggested as an emblem of patriotism. Several historic elm trees are mentioned in our Revolution annals, and from one of these the idea probably originated.

The cedar is an emblem of immortality, the symbol being suggested by its ever green foliage. It is said to have been so regarded by the Jews a thousand years before the Christian era.

The white carnation is regarded in England as an emblem of disdain. This idea was probably suggested by the upright habit of the flower, which nods and waves haughtily in the breeze.

The daffodil is a symbol of chivalry. It was once a favorite flower in France, and at one time a fashion prevailed of gentlemen wearing bunches of daffodils in their hats with their plumes.

The hyacinth is indicative of jealousy. In the Greek legend the plant sprung from the blood of one who died for love. The name was derived from that of Hyacinthus, a boy beloved by Apollo.

The lady's slipper is considered, in the symbolism of flowers, to be a declaration of war, or, rather, of audacity, by the lady to the gentleman, equivalent to the expression, "win me if you can."

Red clover blossoms are indicative of industry. A writer on floral curiosities says that this notion was suggested by the bumble bees which particularly frequent this plant, the common bees not being able, by reason of the depth of the flower, to reach its honey.

The tuberose is considered by young ladies of France symbolic of dangerous pleasures. In England and America it is in common use as a funeral plant, and it is considered symbolic of death.

Dead leaves of any plant whatever, particularly of a tree, are in almost every country considered symbolic of sadness. In Russia it is customary to strew a grave with dead or withered leaves.

The tiger lily is commonly considered an emblem of gayety and levity. In some parts of India this flower is regarded with a superstitious awe, akin to that felt for the animal from which it takes its name.

The forget-me not has two or three emblematic meanings. One is suggested by its name; the other was probably originated by its color. Blue among flowers is generally associated with the tender passion.

The lily of the valley is, in floral lore, emblematic of happiness. In Portugal this flower is symbolic of modesty, its lowly growth and retiring habits giving it a symbolism closely akin to that of the violet.

The Chrysanthemum has for ages been emblematic of undying love. The blooming of this flower in the fall, after most others have ceased to put forth blossoms, is supposed to have originated this symbolism.

The white lily, in the south of Europe, particularly in Italy, is an emblem of sweetness light, and life. In some of the country districts of the Italian peninsula lilies are always placed on the coffins of young girls.

The rose, the national flower of England, is symbolic of superior merit. It is said that this symbolism was popularly used as early as the war of York and Lancaster, generally known as the War of the Roses.

The blue violet is symbolic of love and the white of modesty. In Germany either is considered as symbolic of reticence. A Silesian lover can make his sweetheart no more acceptable present than a bunch of violets.

Pansies, ever since Shakespeare's time, and perhaps for ages before, have been symbolic of thoughts of remembrance. Two or three poets a hundred years earlier than Shakespeare mention the flower as having this symbolism.

In modern Greece the language of flowers is developed with such detail and is so generally understood that a lover and his sweetheart sometimes carry on an ideal correspondence by means of clusters of loose blossoms.

The dahlia is indicative of eternal affection. The idea is said to have originated with a London gardener early in this century, who, having a large stock, recommended the flowers as proper to be used on funeral occasions.

Scientific and Useful.

THE EYE.—The moisture of the eye is a genuine solvent. Many persons have gone to bed troubled with a foreign substance in the eye and have waked in the morning to find it gone. In many cases of this kind the foreign matter has been dissolved by the moisture of the eye.

ALUMINIUM.—Aluminium is not, section for section, a very strong metal. It is only one half as strong as wrought iron. It has a very low elastic limit. It is not rigid, but bends under a transverse strain readily. It is in its alloys that its utility commences to appear. With from eight to twelve per cent. of copper, or aluminium bronze, we have one of the densest, finest grained, and strongest metals known.

A NEW AIR BRICK.—An air brick which acts as a ventilator without causing a draught from outside has been invented. The brick, which is built into the wall, is made hollow, and its air passages are so contrived that warm air is drawn out of the room when the wind blows on the outside of the brick. When there is no wind the air-current through the chimney of the room will draw in fresh air through the brick without causing a draught.

AS WEATHER INDICATORS.—Cats or dogs in a house are, it is affirmed, trustworthy barometers to those who watch their movements carefully. If they are restless, a change of weather, especially when rain is coming, may be anticipated. The cause of this is that their skins are extremely sensitive to atmospheric influence, so that any change in the condition of the air irritates and oppresses them, causing incessant restlessness.

HATS OF WOOD.—An inventive genius has patented a machine which is supplied with fine planing teeth. A log of wood cut square is fed to it, and when the log passes through it has furnished one hundred delicately thin strips of wood. Their length, of course, is that of the log. It is claimed that these when moistened can be woven much more readily than straw and make as durable a hat. The inventor says it is twice as light as straw, and that, because of its easier manipulation and cheaper cost, it will supersede the straw now used for the construction of headgear.

Farm and Garden.

TRIM.—Young trees should be cut back severely when set out in their locations and the roots should also be carefully trimmed. It is of no advantage to allow bruised or dead roots to remain.

BREED.—When farmers co-operate to procure a pure-bred male it denotes improvement in the community, and that the stock in that section will become better. Every association of farmers should make the consideration of live stock a leading feature at every meeting.

LAMB.—We are rapidly becoming a lamb and mutton eating people, and flock masters may profitably give more attention to this demand than they have heretofore been doing. It is estimated that we market 200,000 lambs annually, between the ages of four and eight weeks. It is a rapidly growing industry.

TOO MUCH.—Nothing is gained by trying to grow too many plants or trees on an acre. It is not always the number of plants that increases the yield, but their thrift and feeding capacity. A dozen strong and stocky plants will produce more than double that number which are weak and spindling. Trees that are too close together simply come into competition for food and do not grow as rapidly as they should.

INCUBATORS.—Those who use incubators and are disappointed when they succeed in hatching only 60 or 70 per cent. of the eggs, must not overlook the fact that hens do no better. It is true that a hen will sometimes bring off a dozen chicks from as many eggs, but other hens may hatch only two or three chicks. The average number of chicks hatched, if ten or twenty hens are allowed to sit at the same time, will not exceed fifty per cent.

SUPPOSE IT DOES COST ONE DOLLAR? Don't be "penny-wise and pound foolish" through taking for your cough, medicine that you know nothing about, when one of long-established reputation and proven quality like Dr. Jayne's Expectorant can be had. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

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FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

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About Letters.

Few people, we imagine, fail to experience pleasure in receiving letters. Only those perhaps who live a solitary life, practically exiled from earliest and therefore best friends, and must needs carry on their most earnest conversations through the post, can realize this pleasure at its highest; but it is known to all in a greater or less degree. There is so much hidden possibility in a letter, part of the charm of which lies in that great truth discovered by Handy Andy, that the cream of the correspondence is inside.

Even business letters have a certain fascination so long as they remain a sealed book, hiding one knows not what store of goodness or ill. But at one's home, where business cares only occasionally intrude themselves, and where, as in bachelor quarters, domestic joys are utter strangers, the postmen's burdens are even more welcome than that early morning sun which seems to give one so encouraging a start for the day.

There are those indeed who cannot wait till they reach their breakfast-table, but must have their letters thrust beneath the bed-room door or laid upon their pillow, that in their earliest waking moments they may be welcomed as it were by the "Good morning" of absent friends. And how carefully and systematically the letters, if there be more than one, are selected for reading!

The superscriptions are for the most part as familiar as the voices of those they represent, and audience may therefore be given according to one's inclination. Some will greedily seize the envelope that contains the most welcome communication, and forget the others in the eagerness of absorbing it.

Others, with the child's wisdom, will keep the best till last, scampering through the minor ones with a mind half inattentive because it is still tickled with the pleasure of anticipation. That last one has to be read deliberately, and all subsidiary matters must be got out of the way so that there may be nothing else to enchain the attention. It is, moreover, a communication to be dwelt upon; and the mere trivialities of the morning's post are irksome to attend to while one is drawing the whole of the picture suggested by those closely-written but still too few sentences.

Sentiment, of course, claims the first place in the attractiveness of letters. For those who live away from there is a never-failing source of interest in the weekly letter that contains so many charmingly-trifling details of persons and places associated with one's earliest recollections. No one possessed of honest healthy feeling ever quite ceases to be homesick in a greater or less degree.

It is a very fine thing, no doubt, to go out into the world, to see life, to become independent and one's own master, to make fresh friends and cultivate new pursuits; but, with very few exceptions, the first love is the deepest, and one is never happier than in the occasional flying visits one pays to one's home and the old associations which are so inbred in one's nature that they can never be altogether outgrown. And the letter from home, which would be so hopelessly dull to everybody but the one for whom it is intended, is full of pleasant little facts and thoughts and touches which grip one far more than the finest periods or most flowing phrases of the literary letter-writer.

And then come the letters from friends—relatives they may be, brothers or sisters, or simply early faithful friends, with whom one is permitted that splendid solace of intimacy, from whom one may always rely upon getting sympathy when it is most needed, and to whom one is every ready to extend sympathy. The man or woman who has not a really intimate friend lacks the salt of life.

Nearly all of us however enjoy that luxury of a special friend who understands and is understood by us, who is interested in our ideas as well as our acts, who watches every stage of our career as we watch his, and who can interchange thought and experience incessantly. His letters are eagerly looked for, and, strange to say, are almost eagerly answered; and they do not find an early resting-place in the waste-paper basket, which receives the periodical "clearings-up" of other correspondence.

The only dark side to the pleasure of receiving letters is that it involves the necessity of writing them. Even at its best letter-writing is irksome to most of us. There is always the physical exertion of writing to be reckoned with, and there can hardly be any person who does not find this something of a toil. To exchange ideas and to gossip is the pleasantest of employments; but to be enjoyed at its full this must be done by word of mouth.

Just where letter-writing is the least toilsome it is the most inefficient. For the pen will not keep up with the ideas that flow from one friend putting himself or herself in communication with another, and the written words convey so much less than we desire to say.

Duty-letter-writing is the most burdensome of all, for then the pen halts, and the ideas refuse to supply it with the work it is waiting to perform. With the best of intentions and the warmest sentiment towards those we are addressing, there are too often times when we cannot in a duty-letter say anything that is interesting or anything that seems to be worth the telling.

If one is living a life of dull routine away from one's home, among people unknown to one's friends, and possessing few characteristics that lend themselves to ready description, there seems often to be a lamentable dearth of news that makes the home-letter a masterpiece of dulness.

It is so much easier to write from the other end, where there is practically no person and no event in which you do not take a direct or indirect interest. But you know that letters beget letters, and so you have to cudgel your brains and set your wits to work to produce four pages of something; and you warily leave ample margins and spread your lines generously, so that to the casual glance the sheet may not seem to contain less than its conventional amount.

When writing to a confidential friend however, there is never this difficulty. The only problem, as we have said, is to set down what you have in your mind, so quickly do ideas come tumbling one upon the other. And there is no need here to strive after literary effect.

In writing letters with a view to their ultimate publication—as many of our authors do—one must perforce give that due expression which is needed when one is writing to unknown readers. It has often been urged that authors do not write as they talk, and that their conversation is more simple than their written words. But it must be borne in mind what an important part facial expression and intonation play in a conversation. These are altogether wanting in cold print words, and their place must be taken by some little juggling with words which shall produce a somewhat similar effect.

If a man spoke as he wrote, he would appear stilted. If he wrote as he spoke, he would sacrifice the charm of style to ugly colloquialisms. But in writing to an intimate friend there is no need for artistic effect—indeed it is unwelcome and out of place. For the words themselves carry with them the expression and mode of delivery of a familiar acquaintance, and as we read we seem to hear the words as they would be spoken by the writer. So we can run on chattering on paper and never fail to give the force of spoken words. And how one can one write! If the mechanical part could be dispensed with, it would be hard to say how many sheets one would fill when in a gossipy mood.

One writes from a heart to a heart; and, though one may express oneself in what would be a cryptogram to the rest of the world, the receiver has a key which makes everything intelligible. A letter can never be at its best when it is intended for the world, as a public oration can never have the depth and full meaning of a tete-a-tete conversation.

In the most favorable circumstances a letter cannot rank with a quiet talk; but the exigencies of our career often separate us far from those in whom we are most deeply interested, and the sending and receiving of letters is the best available link between divided friends with undivided lives.

A GREAT deal of the animosity between nations has its source in a variation of moral standard. Each nation, prizing its own particular type of goodness, indulges in a righteous indignation against those who are lacking in it, while each resents the censure of the other upon what appears to it a comparatively small or indifferent matter. As education develops the intelligence however, this intolerant spirit diminishes, not because preference becomes weaker, but because imagination and sympathy grow stronger; and these quickened powers gradually realize to some degree a mental and moral condition not known by experience.

COURTESY calls for great self-control, and often involves a difficult restraint of one's turbulent spirit, a real victory after a hard battle within. Its field of contest is the very field where lies the centre of the fight between good and evil—the heart. A heartless courtesy always rings hollow, and seldom deceives by its outward fairness. It shows itself in little matters as truly as in the more important.

WHO ever did a real kindness for another without feeling a warm glow of satisfaction creep into some shady corner of the heart and fill it with sweetness and peace? It is like the placing of a bunch of violets and mignonette in the buttonhole, where their perfume may be deliciously perceptible all day.

NATURAL powers of any kind, however admirable in themselves, do not redound to our credit, as we had neither part nor lot in creating them; but it must be remembered that every such gift increases our responsibility, both in cultivating it and in putting it to good uses.

A MAN should be niggardly in making promises, but generous in their fulfilment. Unredeemed promises are like unredeemed pledges—they so accumulate interest as soon to be irredeemable.

THE best part of our education is that which teaches where knowledge ceases and ignorance begins.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

L. C. C.—Triton, in Greek and Roman mythology, was a marine deity, the son of Neptune and Amphitrite. He had the form of a man above and that of a fish below, and bore a conch shell trumpet.

O. SOCIUS.—Our definition of a "rough" is a lazy, mischievous, coarse, sensual, ill-educated, and worse-mannered person, who jeers at all things, illtreats women, uses the name of God only wherewith to blaspheme, is irreverent, greedy, drunken, noisy; one who respects not himself nor any fellow being.

LONGITUDE.—All the parrot tribe are fed much alike. Sopped bread, sweetened with a little sugar, some mixed bird-seed, and fruit of whatever kind is in season, should be given it. A sure way of keeping all birds in health is to give them plenty of coarse, clean sand, that they can run about in, and peck at whenever they like. Frequent bathing is an other necessity that should be borne in mind.

A. R. H.—The death-rate of the world is computed at about sixty-seven a minute, ninety seven thousand seven hundred a day, and thirty-five million six hundred and thirty-nine thousand eight hundred and thirty-five a year. The birth rate is seventy-nine a minute, one hundred thousand five hundred a day, and thirty-six million seven hundred and ninety two thousand a year.

E. V. D.—The size of the condor, the South American bird of prey, was formerly much exaggerated. It is now known that its average length, from the point of the beak to the end of the tail, is not more than three and a half feet, and the spread of its wings is from nine to ten feet. Humboldt never found one to measure over nine feet, and he could not ascertain that a condor had ever carried off a child.

ARTHUR.—Of course, you should acquaint the gentleman with the fact that you have been previously engaged; it is the only honorable course. If he is so unreasonable as to be jealous of your past love, it is better that he should manifest his displeasure now than after marriage, when such a discovery might spoil your married life. People who are engaged to be married should have no secrets from one another.

EMMA.—Sea-shells are very pretty when polished. There is a great deal of stuff to be worked off the outside of them, however, before the colored or beautiful portion is reached. This is done by steeping them for some time in diluted nitric acid, and then scraping with a knife and a piece of glass. Practice on a large mussel shell first; polish with emery-paper and oil, finishing off with polishers' putty and oil and rouge. These articles may be purchased at a druggist's or paint shop.

G. L. W.—In the torrid zone, extending on each side of the equator, and comprising an area of 46 degrees and 56 minutes, the rays of the sun fall perpendicularly upon the surface of the earth, and consequently produce a high degree of heat, whose influence is felt in the two temperate zones situated on the northern and southern sides of the tropics. Therefore the nearer we approach the torrid zone the higher is the temperature, and vice versa. In the temperate zones the rays fall obliquely upon the surface of the earth, and a milder temperature results, while in the frigid zones this obliquity is the greatest, and the highest degree of cold is felt.

MAY M.—As a rule, the interests of two young persons must be preferred to those of one old person. Self sacrifice is noble, but after years of courtship the sacrifice of yourself and of your future husband for "a good old aunt" is not to be undertaken. This may seem cruel, but it is plain sense. Your life may, and in a statistical sense it will, last for years; any insurance company will number. Try to combine the two, and take the old lady with you. Mothers, aunts, and fathers must sacrifice themselves for the sake of the young. Your turn will come. You too will be sacrificed and passed by. Sentiment is a charming thing in its way; but not when it stands in your way.

B. L. H.—Your love is purely imaginary, as the average school girl, aged but fifteen, is unable to understand the true meaning of the "grand passion," being fitted neither physically nor mentally to understand the duties of a wife. The majority of the human race, both male and female, are afflicted with this affection in early life, and although they think it is love, it can, with truth, be looked upon only as one of the diseases of childhood, to be cured with judicious doses of common sense administered by a stern parent in the shape of lectures and ridicule. Some cases, however, require more heroic treatment, the nature of which it is hardly necessary to describe in this place.

C. P. R.—1. Black silk would not be a proper wedding costume, either pure white, or, as in the case of a widow's marriage, some neutral tint being required; nor should the guests attend in mourning. Even when black is habitually worn by them, it should, for the time being, give place to gray or some other neutral color. 2. The bride's parents should furnish her wedding outfit. 3. The costumes of the bridesmaids must take their tone from that of the bride, and be neither lighter, richer nor gayer than hers. 4. Wedding invitations should be sent out three or four weeks prior to the day upon which the ceremony is to be performed, in order that those living at a distance may have an opportunity of attending. 5. Bridal parents are, according to strict etiquette, sent from two weeks to a week previous to the wedding day.

INSPIRATION.

BY E. K.

I wandered in the enchanted wood,
And as I wandered there I sang
A song I never understood,
Though sweet the music rang.

I held a lily white and fair,
Its perfume was a song divine,
A song like moonlight and clear air,
No rose-hued cloud like mine.

Beneath pale moon and wind-winged skies
My lips were dumb as one drew near,
Folded warm wings across my eyes
And whispered in my ear.

He left a flame-flower in my hand,
And bade me sing as heretofore
The song I could not understand;
But I can sing no more.

His secret seals my dumbe lips fast,
My lily withered 'neath his wing;
But now I understand at last
The song I used to sing.

Bartered Birthright.

BY C. F. G.

"I AM ruined! I am ruined!" exclaimed Ralph Montrose, and he staggered back, as if a thrice-barbed arrow had struck to his heart.

"Yes, ruined!" responded a deep, rich, but very contemptuous voice. "One of the proud race of Montrose has turned out a thief! Oh, Ralph, I never thought we should come to this. I could not believe it now, were it not for proof which I cannot gainsay. Why, I wonder our dead father does not rise from the grave to haunt you, his best beloved son and heir, for the foul stigma you have thrown upon his name."

The young man had spoken with a rapid utterance, his browned cheek rendering, his dark eye flashing fire; but when the last sentence died away from his haughty lips, a hush like the solemn silence which broods over a churchyard at night pervaded the grand old chamber.

That scene Salvator Rosa might have painted, throwing every object into bold relief; but I have no power fitly to portray it. Dense shade enveloped the greater part of the room; but the strong, red glare of a lantern whose full on a quaint old-fashioned escritoire, the lid of which was held back by a constable revealing a single heavy, golden bracelet, starred with three brilliants almost as large and pure as the diamonds of a kingly diadem.

At a little distance, leaning against one of the massive pillars which gave such an air of stateliness to the chamber, stood Ralph Montrose, the ill-fated man in whose private escritoire the spendid bauble had been found; his head bowed, his marble face half averted, his stalwart form trembling like a wind-shaken leaf, while his slight, dark-browed step-brother paced to and fro, in wild agitation.

"Well, I mustn't wait here," at length began the constable in a gruff tone; "Lady Winterton is worried to death about the loss of her bracelet, 'cause you see only royal crowns can boast of such a jewel. The fellow who stole it will have to pay high for his crime. Come along, young man!" And he fastened an iron grasp on Ralph Montrose.

At the touch of that rude official, a shudder convulsed the young man; the blood of his noble race flushed cheek and neck, and brow, and with a desperate effort he shook off the man's grasp.

The insulted dignitary growled a horrid oath, adding, "No resistance, young man! you're my prisoner, and there's no getting away. One whistle will bring in lots of aid, if I want it. Come along peaceably."

"As Heaven hears me, I am innocent!" cried the young man. "If I have been dumb since you found the bracelet in my possession, it was not because I felt overwhelmed with conscious guilt, but because the spell of despair was strong upon me. I have enemies—this is some plot to ruin me."

"Plot!" sneered the constable. "Tell that to my granny; it won't do here, and no mistake."

"Plot!" echoed Richard Montrose. "For the honor of our house, I wish I could believe it; but I cannot—cannot; the evidence against you is so strong. On returning from a dinner at your house Lady Winterton missed her bracelet, an ornament she has always prized very highly, because those three jewels with which it is set are so rare, and——"

"Well, well," interrupted the elder brother, impatiently, "valuable as it is, why should I want to steal it? I have wealth sufficient to gratify my most extravagant wishes."

"I know all this, Ralph," rejoined Richard, in a significant tone. "I know, too, that where there is a propensity to evil, neither rank nor riches can prevent it from working itself out. How can I credit your protestations of innocence, when I review the whole matter? The countess at once came to you to ascertain if you knew anything about the loss. You declared point blank that you had no knowledge of it. Then she sent a constable with the request that he might be allowed to search the house, as perhaps some of the servants had stolen it. With evident reluctance you consented, and the bracelet was found in your private escritoire. Oh, Ralph! Ralph!"

The prisoner groaned aloud. "I confess that circumstances are against me," he said, speaking slowly, and with extreme difficulty; "nevertheless, I am as innocent of this crime as the dead father to whom you have alluded. I repeat it—I am innocent! If I were dying, I would declare it with my last breath."

Richard Montrose did not speak, but his incredulous look, his scornful silence, were more eloquent than words.

"You've got a glib tongue," retorted the constable, "but none of your high-flown speeches can move me. I'm here to see justice done. Come!" And again his heavy hand fell on the young man's shoulder.

How Ralph Montrose writhed as the stern official began to move towards the door, dragging him after him!

"Oh, Richard," he shouted, "this will kill me! Is there no way of escape? You and I are but half-brothers, but we had the same father; for his sake I conjure you to help me in my great extremity. Save! Oh, save me—save me!"

Still Richard was silent.

"This constable will not heed me," continued the elder brother; "but you, you may have some influence with him. You are a barrister; argue my cause with all your eloquence, Richard! Get him to hush up the affair, for I can't have it dragged into the light, or prove my innocence!"

Richard Montrose deliberated a few moments, and then said, "Well, Ralph, I will do what I can for you; but do not hope too much from my interposition. I fear the constable is inexorable."

The man smiled sarcastically, and when Richard asked a private interview with him in an adjoining room, assented with the dogged air of one who is resolved that he will not be persuaded. Then, taking care to secure his prisoner, he followed Richard.

As the two passed from Ralph's presence, he flung up his arms in a wild, despairing gesture, and moaned out the single word, "Catharine!" Then, sinking down on a couch, he buried his face in the pillows, and lay absorbed in a painful reverie. At length the door opened and Richard came softly in.

"Oh, Richard, can you save me?" cried Ralph, leaping forward.

"Yes, yes, I think so," replied Richard; "the constable who just went hence, I have recognised as a man who once put himself under great obligations to me; I believe I can bribe him to silence."

Ralph's clear blue eyes kindled. "Then do, do bring him to terms, Richard," he said, with impassioned earnestness, "and I will bless you to my latest day."

"Blessing alone will not suffice me," replied the younger brother, and a strange, sardonic smile flickered over his dark face; "I must have a more tangible reward."

"Reward!" cried Ralph. "Name it, Richard!—name it! and it shall be yours."

"You are the eldest born, the heir to the family estates," he replied. "Will you barter your birthright for the service you need?"

The young man gave a sudden start. He had not expected so exorbitant a demand, and it was no light thing to relinquish what he had held with such pride. He moved to the window, and flinging back the curtains, looked out.

There lay the broad demesne which owned him as its master, with its green slopes, its lake, its shadowy woods, with its field of grain heaving in the wind like a golden sea. Never had he so fully realised what a treasure it was till that moment, and a spasm of pain contracted his features.

"I had thought to live and die here in this place, with Catharine to share my prosperity, my happiness," he muttered to himself; "but now that this disgrace has fallen on me, I must flee. It is better that Richard should have it, than that I should fill a felon's cell."

And with a sad resolve pictured on every lineament, he turned towards his brother. "I will comply with the conditions," he said, mournfully. "My birthright is yours."

"One thing more, Ralph," said his brother. "Catharine Tracy was betrothed to you in your childhood, with the understanding that you were to be the heir of our father's wealth and position. You have given up the heirship—will you abandon all claims to Kate?"

"No, no, I cannot!" he exclaimed; "she loves me—she will cling to me like a true woman! No, Richard, I cannot barter her with the family estates."

"Then take the hard lot of a felon!" exclaimed Richard; "I will not shield you from exposure, unless you relinquish Catharine also!"

For a time the young man stood aghast. He thought of Catharine, so pure, so fair, so proud too! and his heart grew heavy.

"I will not seek to bow her stately head in shame," he said, at length, in a half audible tone. "Richard, the Rubicon of my destiny is crossed—I give up even Catharine!"

"Very well," was the cool reply, and Richard Montrose bent low over the bracelet he had been swinging in his hand, to hide the gleam of triumph that shot into his basilisk eyes.

"There is yet another condition," he murmured.

"What is it?" asked Ralph.

"I wish you to leave the country without a parting interview with Kate Tracy," replied Richard.

Again Ralph hesitated, but finally said, in a low, sad tone, "At first I thought I could not consent to this; but, on reflection, it seems the best thing I can do. A meeting—a farewell under such circumstances—oh, Richard! it would only deepen my mystery! And now, how can we manage about the theft?"

"Why, I will bribe the constable to declare that no clue to the missing gew-gaw has been found here," was the reply.

"Then I will write an anonymous letter to Lady Winterton, and enclose it in a package with the bracelet. In the letter I will state that the pangs of a guilty conscience have driven the unknown thief to return the stolen property."

The young man's brow knit, his proud lips cried.

"Villain as you think me," he muttered, "I am not guilty. It galls me to act a lie, but I shall thus escape the stigma of a felon, the public trial, the disgraceful imprisonment. I shall leave England to-night——"

"But, before you go," interposed the younger brother, "you will execute a deed, cutting off the entail, and a morigage with full power of sale."

"Yes," said Ralph; "but who shall draw up the paper?"

"Thornton," was the reply; "I will send for him."

With these words Richard Montrose grasped a bell rope and rang violently. The servant who answered the summons was despatched to the lawyer, and in a few moments that worthy was seated at his task in the library of Montrose Hall.

It was like signing his own death warrant for Ralph to give his signature; but he did so, and then hastened to take a farewell survey of the interior of the old mansion.

"Well, Richard," he said, hoarsely, as they stood together on the threshold, "we shall never meet again. Take good care of the old place, and the tenantry; and—Catharine—my Catharine—if you succeed in winning her, deal very gently with her woman's heart. Good by, Richard—a long, long good-by."

Silently the two brothers clasped hands. Then Ralph stole down the steps, and across the park, and into the cold, pitiless world, ever and anon casting back a wild, wistful gaze.

* * * * * *

While Ralph Montrose was bartering his birthright, and even his betrothed bride, a woman stood watching and waiting for him at a trysting place, where they had often met.

That woman was Catharine Tracy. She was tall and exquisitely proportioned, with a faultless cast of features, a rich, creamy complexion, eyes like the blue of the summer sky, and masses of soft, wavy hair, "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun."

There was an unmistakable pride in the curl of her lips and the arch of her stately neck; and yet, with her patrician grace of manner blended the warm blush, the flitting smile, and all the sweet disquietude which betokens joyous expectancy. At length, as the chime of the bells broke up n her ear, she started.

"Why, where can he be?" she murmured. "He said that he should be here ere the old bell had tolled the hour of nine, and now it is ten, and still he comes not! I never waited thus before; he had always waited for me, and most impatiently, too. Hark! what's that noise? He's coming through the copse yonder, I know."

And the fair speaker sprang forward with childish eagerness, her face in a glow, every nerve of her frame thrilling, and a glad light revelling in her soft azure eyes.

But Ralph Montrose did not emerge from the shadows of the copse, and a shade of disappointment settled over the lady's features.

"Not yet, not yet, Kate," she said, aloud; "you must wait a little longer. That was but a night-bird stirring the shrubbery."

With these words she sank down on the moss-grown rock from which she had risen a few moments before, and gave herself up to a pleasant train of thought, for no suspicion of evil had crossed her brain.

And was it merely a bird that had made such a loud rustling in the copse? No; concealed by its thick roof of leaves and boughs, a female figure had crouched down to watch and listen.

Not a look or motion of the stately Catharine was lost upon the watcher, and at length she left the copse, and stole into the deep shade of a willow, so near the maiden that she could have touched her white, gauzy dress. Another hour dragged by, and then Catharine was once more aroused by the musical peal of the old bells.

"Eleven!" she cried, starting to her feet. "Oh! why has he not come? Can anything have befallen him? It must be so, for he would not willingly disappoint me, whom he says he loves as he never dreamed he was capable of loving."

And she began to pace the greensward in extreme agitation.

"You are Catharine Tracy?" muttered a voice in her ear—a voice so hollow, so unearthly, that it chilled the blood in her veins.

She glanced round. There, close beside her, stood a tall, dark, gipsyish woman. Robed in black from head to foot, and with waves of raven hair floating around a dusky face, stormy with warring passions and lighted up by a pair of dark, wild, lambent eyes, she seemed a strange, ill-omened shadow on the moon rising of that summer night.

"You are Catharine Tracy?" she said again.

"Yes," gasped the maiden, trembling under the fixed gaze of those fierce eyes.

"And you are awaiting your lover, the young heir of Montrose?" continued the woman.

"Yes, yes; and I am sick at heart because he does not come," faltered Catharine, forgetting, in her anxiety, the reserve which was habitual to her in the presence of strangers.

A peculiar smile flickered over the dusky face of her companion, and then faded, leaving the features as rigid as if they had been hewn from marble.

"He will not meet you here to-night, lady," she said, in a hoarse whisper. "he has pressing business to keep him away; but he sends you by me these sweet flowers, and a thousand regrets and good wishes."

As she spoke, she drew forth a small but exquisite bouquet, wet with dew. Eagerly Catharine's fingers clasped the gift, but ere she could compose herself sufficiently to speak her thanks, the woman had gone.

"Dear, dear Ralph!" murmured the maiden softly, when she again found herself alone. "I have not waited in vain, for next to his own presence I value the flowers he sends me."

Then gathering her light shawl more closely about her, she struck into a narrow path, leading homeward.

In less than half an hour Catharine Tracy had reached her chamber, and sat down to examine her gift by the glow of the crystal lamps on the toilet stand. Never had she seen such blossoms before; they were curiously shaped, and blood red in hue, mottled with dashes of golden bronze.

The perfume which ascended up from their gorgeous petals was strangely subtle, and yet sweet as the otto distilled from Cashmere roses. Twisted in among the leaves was a slip of paper, on which was traced the written first message she had ever received from the heir of Montrose. It ran thus:—

"MY OWN CATHARINE,—A London attorney had just arrived at the Hall for the purpose of transacting some most important business, and as his time is very

limited, I find myself forced to forego the pleasure of meeting you at the old trysting place. How my heart rebels against any necessity which keeps me long from your side! How I yearn to fly to you to night, to tell you again of my absorbing love for you, and listen once more to the story of your own! But since I cannot come, I send you these flowers; I found them to-day as I was dashing through a mountain gorge in pursuit of a deer. Their beauty is almost as rare as yours; their perfume as sweet as the incense of your love. Accept them as my simplest gift; cherish them for my sake; and believe me as ever,

"Devotedly yours,

RALPH."

Proud Katie Tracy read this with tears of joy, and lay down to rest with the precious bouquet on her pillow. It was somewhat past midnight, when a tall and closely-muffled form darted towards the great, rambling old manor house of the Tracys, bounded up the steps, and pressed through the half-open window of Kate's room. The chamber was strangely still, and the solemn hush seemed to startle the intruder.

"Good heavens!" she muttered, "how death-like this silence is! She will never wake again! I am too late—too late!"

At that moment Kate Tracy stirred in her slumber; her breath came gasping up, and she began to murmur incoherently. A wild shriek broke from the pallid lips of the mysterious visitant; she sprang to the bedside, and, seizing the sleeper's arm, cried, "Catharine—Catharine Tracy, rouse ye—rouse ye! Rouse ye, I say!"

A slight tremor passed over the maiden's frame, her drowsy eyes unclosed and wandered with a vacant stare around the apartment. Quick as thought the intruder snatched the bouquet which had been lying on the pillow, and flung it from the window.

Then she turned again towards Catharine, and drawing a quaint flask from the folds of her robe dashed its contents into her face. Now the pale features began to work convulsively; the orbs beneath that fair brow grew luminous with the light of reason, and Catharine Tracy recognised the woman who had given her those rare flowers and Ralph's note. As she met her glance she recalled the pleasure the bouquet had afforded her, and smiled.

"Aha!" muttered the stranger; "if you knew all you would not smile on me. Girl, had I not repented of my purpose, you would have been dead in another hour!"

"Dead?" gasped Catharine. "Oh! this must be some horrible dream."

"Nay, nay, it is real enough," said the stranger. "Kate Tracy, you have to night escaped very near dying by my hand!"

She paused, but the maiden was too much shocked to speak, and she went on, "I was desperate; a demon had taken possession of me, and I shut my ears to the voice of my good genius, and listened only to the tempter. Ralph Montrose did not send you those flowers; I sought them out for you, because I knew their scent was a deadly poison. Your lover never wrote that note—I forged it to mislead you!"

"And why—why did you wish to take my life?" gasped Catharine.

"I had made a mistake," she replied, "almost a fatal mistake with regard to you. I believed you loved and were beloved by Richard, not Ralph! I thought Richard the heir of Montrose, and when I saw you waiting there under the willow, I madly carried out the vile plan I had formed."

"And how did you discover your error?" inquired Catharine.

"I will tell you," replied the stranger. "As I sat by the gipsy camp fire on the hill-side yonder, one of my own race, a person I can trust, came to bring me the tidings that I had been deceived—that my terrible revenge had fallen on the innocent."

"And then you regretted the evil you had done?" said Catharine, inquiringly.

"Regretted!" said she, "ay, that is too weak a word to express what I felt. My fierce gipsy blood ceased to boil—my heart seemed to stand still with dread—remorse, like a serpent's tooth, gnawed at my very vitals. I hastened to make reparation; I flew to your chamber with a flask of liquid which had rendered me proof against the poison; I roused you from your trance. And now I leave you, it is not likely that the winding path of the gipsy queen will ever cross yours again. Farewell!"

She was about to turn away, when Catharine grasped her hand.

"You say that the note you brought me was forged," she faltered; "but perhaps you have seen Ralph to-night—perhaps you can tell me why he did not keep his appointment?"

The woman shook her head.

"No," she replied, "I know nothing about it; I never saw him. It is only a week since I reached England, only twenty-four hours since I encamped with my roving horde among the hills of Westmoreland." She paused, and stood gazing at Kate a few moments, her weird eyes softening the while. "Girl," she resumed, in a tremulous tone, "when I was concealed in the copse, I heard you murmur to yourself that you had never before waited in vain for your lover. It is no pleasant task to prophesy evil to those whose lives have been like a summer day, but I fear this is merely the beginning of sorrows. Some men are fickle as the changing wind!"

"But Ralph is not one of those," said Catharine; "he would not willingly disappoint me."

"You think so now," said the gipsy; "but you may yet learn the lesson I have learned. I loved his brother Richard with all the wild, passionate devotion of my nature; and oh, how entirely I trusted him! Why, I should as soon have believed the stars would fall, as that he could prove faithless. But there came a time, a weary time, when I watched and waited for him in vain. He left Spain without even a cold farewell. Catharine Tracy, the race of Montrose is a false race! Take heed to your young heart. Do not love this Ralph too deeply. Remember the gipsy queen and her warning!"

The next moment she was gone. Catharine sank back upon her pillow, and tried to banish the impression the stranger had produced, but she could not; and ere long she sprang up, and hastily dressing herself, strayed down into the grounds which lay fair and green around the old manor house.

In the grey dawn of the morning she stood leaning over a wall that divided a barley field from the high road. She had not been there more than five minutes when the rattling of carriage wheels attracted her attention, and in another instant she saw the London mail coach sweeping towards her.

At first she gave it a careless glance, then every faculty of her being seemed absorbed in the wondering gaze she fixed upon it; for through the open window she caught a glimpse of Ralph Montrose.

He was very pale, but when he perceived her by the roadside, he started as if a ghost had risen before him; a deep glow shot into his cheek like a plague spot, and he bent on her a wild, wistful look that haunted her long afterwards.

Then he drew back into the corner of the coach, and Catharine saw another face peering out at her—the dark, bright, bewitching face of a beautiful danseuse, who had come down to Westmoreland to recruit, after the opera season was over.

She and Ralph Montrose were the only occupants of the coach, and a strange pang shot through Catharine's heart, as they dashed past. The gipsy's warning had aroused the demon Doubt, and now a thousand suspicions began to throng her brain.

Ralph had failed to keep his tryst with her; yet there he was in a London mail coach, with a noted beauty and coquette! Could it be that the piquant French girl had turned the head of the proud heir of Montrose, and made him forgetful of his allegiance to her? Alas! poor Katy Tracy could not answer this question to her own satisfaction, and it was with a heavy heart that she went back to the manor house.

"Perhaps," she said to herself, after an hour of calm reflection, "perhaps Ralph will come in the course of the day, and explain these mysterious things."

But hours dragged by, and Ralph came not. At length the housekeeper rushed into her room, her face flushed, her plump form in a perfect tremor.

"Oh, lack-a-day, ma'am!" she cried; "there's such a terrible story afloat—the whole neighborhood is ringing with it."

"Well," rejoined Catharine, "you know I am not over fond of gossip."

"To be sure, ma'am, I know that," continued the woman; "but this story concerns you more than anybody else—'tis about young Mr. Montrose. They say he got into bad habits while he was on the Continent; but that down here in the country, and away from temptation, he done nicely till he went up to London last spring."

"And what then?" inquired the maiden, breathlessly.

"Why, he came across some of his old associates—French gamblers—and played high, and lost, till he found himself a ruined man, and was forced to mortgage his property, and cut off the entail to avoid being imprisoned for debt! And—and——" The woman hesitated a moment, and then added, "It's hard to tell you all."

"Speak out!" cried Catharine, with an imperious wave of the hand. "Keep nothing back—I can bear it."

"Well," she continued, "they say, too, that he is going to foreign parts, and left Westmoreland early this morning with that bold piece of a dancer who took lodgings at the village inn a month or two ago. Nay, more, ma'am, they whisper it round that he fell in love with her in London, the last time he was there, and that she came here on his account."

And now the garrulous housekeeper stopped short, terror-stricken by the wild grief pictured in Catharine Tracy's pale face.

"Oh, ma'am!" she began, after a brief silence, "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing!" said Catharine. "Leave me alone."

When the door had closed upon the woman, Catharine uttered one shrill cry and sank senseless upon the floor. How long she lay thus she did not know, but when she awoke from her lethargy darkness had gathered in her chamber, and she could see the stars above the old elms which shaded her window.

As the recollection of what had just passed came back to her, the wretched girl tried to think of it calmly, but every effort at self-command was in vain; she was weak as a child, and with her head bowed down in humiliation and sorrow, she burst into tears. At length she heard a tap at the door, and hastened to open it.

"Young Mr. Montrose is in the parlor," said the old housekeeper.

Catharine's heart gave a sudden bound.

"It was all false," she murmured. "Ralph has come!"

And away she glided, flushed and smiling. But she grew deadly pale again, when, on entering the room, she saw Richard, not Ralph Montrose. He advanced to meet her with a hurried step; she held out her hand in silence, for she was for the moment dumb with grief and disappointment.

"Miss Tracy," he began, in a constrained manner, "I am the bearer of sad tidings. My brother——"

"I know all," gasped Catharine; "he has surrendered his estate, giving up me, his betrothed bride, and left the country."

"You speak bitterly," rejoined Richard Montrose; "and no wonder that you do. You have been cruelly wronged, and I could not rest till I had come to tell you how much I regret that a brother of mine should have proved so base!"

A painful silence followed this remark, but finally Kate summoned strength to say, "I suppose, sir, I ought to thank you for your solicitude; but to-night I am in no mood to talk. Some other time I will discuss the matter."

The young man muttered a confused reply, and bowed himself out of the room, not a little disconcerted at the unsatisfactory termination of the interview. Catharine hastened back to her room, and gave herself up to the storm of passion which came sweeping over her.

That night, in the inmost recess of her soul, she made a deep, dark grave, and buried the love she believed dead. That night, too, in her wild agony, the pride which is sometimes born of suffering, arose, and began to sit regnant where love had budded, blossomed, and withered away.

Three days later she and Richard Montrose again met, and he at once noticed that her manner had more than its olden stateliness. She was the first to broach the subject of Ralph's misconduct.

"Mr. Montrose," she said, firmly, "when I last saw you, I dared not trust to speak of your brother's strange conduct. Since then I have thought it all over; he is not worthy of a true woman's love. I shall not break my heart for him!"

"Aha!" chuckled Richard, as he left her presence; "the fair Catharine will yet be mine! What love could not do; the proud Tracy spirit will!"

* * * * * *

"When Ralph forfeited his birthright, he offered to abandon all claims to your hand! Little did he think that what he gave up so lightly seemed to me the greatest treasure in the wide, wide world! Oh! Kate, if you would but sanction his transfer, my cup of happiness would be full to overflowing!"

The speaker was Richard Montrose. Months had passed since his brother's flight, and now he stood with Kate Tracy on the terrace of the old manor house; but though he had spoken with such earnestness, she remained silent.

"Kate," he continued, "I have loved you from boyhood! Even when you were Ralph's affianced bride, my heart claimed you as its elect. My love for you has been the one great passion of my life."

"Ay, say you so, Richard?" exclaimed Catharine, with a slight vein of irony in her tone. "Did you never in your travels pour a similar confession into other ears?"

"No, upon my honor," he replied; "you are the only woman who can declare with truth that I ever spoke to her of love."

Catharine hesitated a moment, and then went on to tell him of her meeting with the gipsy queen, and the revelations the strange creature had made. At first he started, and the blood fled his bronzed features; but he soon regained his composure, and ere Catharine had finished her recital he was ready with an answer.

"When you began your disclosure, dear Kate," he said, quickly, "I thought it but a foul slander, fabricated by these lying gipsies for some selfish purpose; but now I believe I see through the whole. You know my cousin, Richard Montrose Walsingham. Well, I am sorry to say that while traveling in Spain the wild fellow got into a flirtation with a beautiful gipsy girl, and fearing the vengeance of her people, laid aside his surname, and figured as Richard Montrose. I heard that the infuriated creature had followed him to England, and it must have been she who tried to poison you! Are you satisfied?"

"Yes," said Catharine, for his version of the affair, related in such apparent good faith, seemed very plausible; and besides, the present heir of Montrose had been regarded as a man of honor throughout the neighborhood.

"And now, Kate," he resumed, "what answer shall I have to my pleading? May I hope?"

"Hope!" echoed the girl; "not for my love, Richard—I have none to give! But if esteem will content you, I will be yours."

"Dear, dear Kate," murmured the young man, "I would far rather have your esteem than the love of other women. Henceforth I shall call you my own Catharine!"

Thus Catharine Tracy was betrothed the second time; but all on her part was hollow, and formal. There was no bright blush, no sweet smile, no gentle love-light in the proud, calm eyes.

"A pest on that meddling gipsy!" muttered Richard Montrose, as he rode away towards the old hall. "I didn't dream she had grown so desperate. I shall have to be on the look out, or she will break up the match!"

A wild, scornful laugh greeted his ears at this juncture, and turning, he saw the very person of whom he had been speaking. Her cheeks burned, her eyes flashed fire, her thin lip curled and quivered as she regarded him.

"Aha!" she cried; "I understand you now. Thrice, since I came to England, you have deluded me into the belief that you still loved me; but at last I see you as you are. You just said you didn't dream I had grown so desperate. Great heavens! I've had enough to make me desperate—wrong upon wrong, slight upon slight! And I'm not the only one who has resolved that, at this late hour, justice shall be done me. My people are awake!"

"Yes!" exclaimed a sharp-toned voice, and a tall, manly figure stepped forward. "I suppose, Richard Montrose, you thought you could wrong one of our lawless race, and go unpunished? But you shall know to the contrary. You are in our power—marry my slighted sister to-night, or the mystery of your rascality to your innocent brother shall be proclaimed!"

Richard Montrose trembled; his brain whirled; his sight grew dim. "Let me think a moment," he faltered; and the two drew back a little. "Well," muttered Montrose to himself, "it will not do to brave their wrath. By some means they have pried into my affairs, and it would be utter ruin to have them blazoned to the world. Besides, the mummery of a gipsy marriage is not binding. By my faith I'll agree to it."

Three hours later he was on his way to the gipsy encampment with the chief; while Zuleme, the girl whose love he had won for a pastime, hastened off in advance to make ready for the wedding.

It was a glorious May night; the hedgerows were in bloom, the trees were clothed with delicate green, and the grass was soft and bright, while overhead the stars glittered in pale, serene splendor.

The camping ground of the gipsies looked very picturesque, with the watch-fire blazing high, and the dark men gathered around.

"Zuleme is in the tent yonder," said one; "but the bridal procession will soon come forth!"

The next moment the white wall of the tent rolled up, and the gipsy queen emerged, clad in a gorgeous dress of scarlet and blue, and with her graceful head richly garlanded. But with what horror and amazement Richard Montrose gazed at the persons following her! Among the dark-browed gipsies of the tribe, he saw Ralph, with fair Kate Tracy leaning on his arm, and the constable, who had found the Countess of Winterton's bracelet in his step-brother's escritoire!

"What does all this mean?" he gasped.

"Mean? Why, that justice is to be done!" cried the constable. "I have seen my error—I am here to confess what I know of your villainy! I am ready to prove—ay, and before any court in the kingdom—that you stole the countess' bracelet, hid it in your brother's escritoire, and hired me to play a rascally part."

Richard growled an oath, turned and fled, and no one sought to stay his steps; but three days afterwards his body was found floating down a stream about two miles from the Montrose estate.

"I know now why Ralph bartered his birthright," said Catharine, moving to his side; "I know, too, that it was by the merest accident the French ballet girl went by the same coach with him. I know, too, that it was not lightly he gave me up."

By this time the country people had become aware of what was passing at the gipsy encampment, and gathered in crowds on the hill-side. They called loudly for "Mr. Ralph," and, stepping forward, he said with deep earnestness:

"Friends, I am grateful that I can stand before you, and assert that the foul calumnies you have heard are false as the heart which fabricated them. One thing, however, I still regret—it is, that in my weak dread of disgrace, I tried to hush up the matter. It would have been a thousand times more worthy of my manhood to have met it boldly."

A succession of cheers greeted this remark.

"Another round of cheers for one who deserves them more than I—the gipsy-queen!" added Ralph; and again wild shouts went ringing up into the sky.

Zuleme's dark eyes grew misty with tears, and turning to Ralph and Catharine, she said, "When I first came to Westmoreland, my heart was full of mad purposes. But the remorse I felt after making that attempt to poison you, Miss Tracy, aroused me to a sense of what I was. Since then, I have been a different woman—my gipsy nature has softened. I shall give myself up in revenge no more. I have learned to love another, not wildly as I loved Richard Montrose, but with a riper, deeper love."

As she spoke, a sturdy farmer drew her arm within his own, and a few moments afterward Zuleme left the gipsy camp for a calmer, more rational life. She had been married that morning to Giles Grantley, a tenant of the Montrose estate.

A month later, and amid the peal of the village bells, and the smiles and blessings of his tenantry, Ralph Montrose led his fair Catharine to the altar of the time-worn church, where the ashes of the family had reposed for many generations; and long afterward, by many an English hearth-stone, was rehearsed the strange story of the Bartered Birthright.

THE ONIONS OF BERMUDA.

A TINY donkey, says a New Orleans paper, weighing less than his negro driver, trotting complacently along with, perhaps, a wheelbarrow load of onions on the little cart he drags, does not impress one as a power. But many donkeys, many drivers, and many onions make a different tale—if they all pull, drive, and smell together.

It is one of the mysteries how any onions can grow in Bermuda at all. There are only about twenty square miles in the little toy islands altogether, of which some hundred square acres are waste stretches of cedar-crowned hills, forty more are desolate sand dunes and coral rocks, fifty are covered with forts and camps, and a lot more by villas and lawns—or so it would seem to a casual observer.

The islands impress one as much larger than they are, because everything, beginning with the donkeys, is on a small scale, like one of the miniature landscapes they build in Japanese gardens.

The roads are from ten to twenty feet wide instead of from sixty to one hundred; the fields cover from half an acre to five acres, instead of ten times that area; and even a mountain covered with cedar forest, or what looks like one, proves to be only fifteen or twenty acres with a twenty-foot hump in the middle.

But hidden away in the fertile valleys between the rocks are tiny patches of onions, Easter lilies, and potatoes, which products, flowing together here in Hamilton, freight two steamships a week during the season.

There are other things of course—sago, bananas, pawpaws, lettuce, plums, garden flowers; but the lily, the onion, and the potato fill the long sheds on Front street to overflowing during the early spring, and mingle their amicable odors across the sunny Atlantic to Halifax and New York.

I have seen a little patch of half an acre from which 800 boxes of lily buds were shipped this spring, to be unpacked in New York and surprised into opening by hot water, and a beautiful sight the field was still, with the comparatively few lilies that had been let to bloom; for each stalk bears many buds, and the flowers keep on blooming long after Easter.

As for onions, each day in the season the farmer's helpers go through the rows pulling those which have reached standard size, and leaving the rest to grow. So the season lasts a long time.

But I started to tell about the many donkeys pulling together.

Bermuda had its troubles with the city commission merchants—troubles just the same as other farmers have. A few cases of very early onions, reaching New York while the blizzards were still on, might command fancy prices of $4 or $5 a box.

After that there was the usual spectacle of competing commission merchants sacrificing whole cargoes for a song to get rid of them, so that the loss on the late shipments was often bigger than the profit on the early ones.

There was complaint of dishonesty, too. One farmer sent to New York a considerable quantity of choice lettuce. Instead of being paid for it he received a bill for $14.25 for "freight and handling of culls." He didn't pay it—probably wasn't expected to pay it; but even at that the transaction wasn't lucrative.

One little island there was, without town or church, St. David's Island, whose farmers made less complaint. They had long ago formed a combination to deal as a unit against the common foe, and sent nothing but choice stuff to market, so that a St. David's onion had repute with people who knew what's what, and commanded a fair price throughout the season.

The Bermuda Produce Exchange, a new organization, which includes not only 90 per cent. of the farmers of the islands, but bankers, merchants, and others interested in their prosperity, has just extended the St. David's system to cover all the islands.

It has plenty of capital; it controls practically the entire crop; it deals with five or six commission merchants in the New York Produce Exchange; but these are forbidden, on pain of losing their trade, to cut rates against each other, or to sell a single box of onions below the prices fixed by the Bermuda Exchange. These prices are neither extravagant at the beginning of the season nor ruinous at the end, but they are so graded as to guarantee about $1.50 per box for the entire crop.

To insure a steady demand for the onions, quality is looked after. A strict inspection prevented any but first-class goods going north—at least with the exchange stamp. A few cantankerous souls who refuse to join the exchange get about half price for uninspected onions; but at this rate they will soon be coaxed into the combine with a club.

It is difficult to see how such an arrangement can fail to benefit both producer and consumer. The exchange can deal in other things than onions. There is no reason why it shouldn't supply the frozen North in early spring with lettuce and other garden "sass."

If to these oranges and figs and lemons and other fruits are not added it is only because the Bermudas are, or have been until now, singularly lacking in push. Perhaps it is one of life's compensations that this should be so, in a land blessed possibly beyond all others by productive soil and tolerant climate.

A climate where the cedar and the palm grow next door neighbors in a hedgerow, and where golden rod and snowdrops blossom at the same time, a climate without either frost in winter or sunstroke in summer, enables its possessors to get along without hustling.

The only person I have yet seen to walk fast in Bermuda was a little mother of seven children from Ottawa, where they know what a blizzard means.

Visitors never tire of watching the onion boxes down under the big open dock sheds. They are brought down in the cool of the evening mainly, and are protected from the sun by awnings. Like little ants the donkeys come and go, and presently there rise great heaps of two or three thousand tons of boxed onions. And the smell of them! Truly, in onion there is strength!

The same ship which carried the onions brings back material for the boxes—square boards for the ends, narrow slats for the sides. Bermuda cedar is too precious to saw up for onion boxes.

There are red-coated soldiers strolling about by scores; there are wonders of tropic foliage to gaze at; there are hotel hops, and lawn parties with music by the regimental bands, and great forts into which I may not go, even if I would; but the most interesting thing in Bermuda, after all, is the onion, and this story of how the donkeys that pull together, and the masters that have at last learned to stand together, have brought the distant commission men to terms; and perhaps by so doing they have given a hint to folks elsewhere who grumble about hard times.

NATURE AT PLAY.—All animals, from man downwards, love to indulge at one time or another in leaping or dancing or some other form of fun or play.

The most eccentric dancers amongst men are the Arab dervishes, with their huge skirt dresses, who work themselves into a state of religious frenzy.

Of little animal dancers the waltzing mice are most peculiar. They are often kept as pets in Japan, and about a couple of years ago a pair of them were exhibited at a meeting of the Zoological Society.

Their waltzing consists of a curious habit they have of spinning round and round after their own tails, which they do very frequently.

The young mice soon after they leave the nest indulge in this waltzing, and the inclination to have a spin seems to seize them of a sudden, and round they go. If a captive mouse is let free, he will not run far before he must have a whirl.

Among dancing birds may be specially mentioned, as high up in the art, the American grouse. These birds prepare their ball-room by beating down the grass with their wings, and then proceed to dance a figure suspiciously like the Lancers.

They advance by twos and fours, bowing their heads, and drooping their wings; then receding and again advancing, they turn about on their toes, swelling their feathers and clucking gently meanwhile.

There are many species of dancing or leaping insects, from the cheese-mites and grasshoppers to the leaping beetles known as the turnip-flies.

Although elephants are not known to engage in the sportive dance, no animal probably better appreciates humor, as is testified now and again by his sides shaking with laughter while he is chuckling over something that has tickled his fancy.

NO WOMAN'S RIGHTS THERE.—The women in Heligoland are, generally speaking, small and gracefully formed, and present a remarkable contrast to their tall and strapping mates. The female loveliness is, unfortunately, somewhat transitory, no doubt owing in a large measure to the inferior fare and the rough work with the nets.

No thought of female suffrage is ever likely to enter a Heligolander's head. His idea of the relation of the sexes is the old one—that the man is the head of the family and that women, take them as you like, are an inferior lot. The men are kind and courteous to their women in all respects, but there is no doubt who is lord.

The patriarchal system has scarcely died out. Each lusty, broad shouldered son, though he may have passed his twenty-first birthday, is required to give all, or nearly all, his earnings to his father so long as he lives under the parental roof.

Heligolanders, as a rule, marry young; there are more women than men, and it is not difficult to find a mate. Housekeeping is not an expensive affair, and there is plenty of money to be earned if a man is industrious. A boat costs $125, but if the young husband be unable to buy he can hire one, for they are all built on the island.

At Home and Abroad.

A suggestion has been made by a doctor that we should yawn regularly, and that if we yawn and stretch ourselves both before going to bed at night and upon getting up in the morning, we would benefit ourselves greatly. The same authority says that yawning is a healthy function, having a salutary effect on certain tubes in the neck and lungs by exercising all the respiratory muscles.

There are a number of Chinese junks, sailed by Chinese crews, plying in the waters about San Francisco. They are mostly employed in the fishing trade, and their principal business is catching and drying shrimps, which are shipped by the mail steamers to China. The custom authorities have lately seized several of the junks for violation of the navigation law, which forbids any but an American master to command a ship engaged in domestic trade.

In Germany the view obtains that the execution of criminals should be by some means more certain even than the electric chair. Dr. E. Cuhmann, a celebrated chemist, suggests the use of carbolic acid. According to his plan, the criminal would be carried to a cell which can be filled noiselessly with carbolic acid in gaseous form, from floor to ceiling. When the gas reaches the delinquent's mouth and nose, it causes instant paralysis of the lungs and unconsciousness, and life departs without previous pain.

A burglar had the temerity to invade a London physician's consulting room late the other night. The doctor found him there and threw at him the first thing he could lay his hands on. It happened to be a bottle of oil of peppermint, which broke on the thief's back. The rascal got clear away, and the only clue the police had was the incident of the peppermint. The next day the detectives smelt of every suspicious character on their list, and they soon picked out the culprit. He still reeked with the nauseating odor of peppermint when he was arranged in court 24 hours later.

From Paris comes a report that the contents of letters can now be photographed through the envelopes by the Roentgen rays, and simultaneously it is reported from London that a scientist of that city has succeeded by the same means in photographing his own thoughts—not merely the configuration of his own brain, but the actual mental processes. It is a rare day now that fails to report the addition of some new triumph for the Roentgen rays. Whether the triumphs are in all cases veritable may fairly be questioned; but the new rays are surely casting an increasing light on much that is obscure in physical science, and there is even a possibility that some day the partition that now divides mind and matter may be made translucent.

Carriage shafts are now being made of paper wood pulp, in conjunction with iron, with a covering of leather. Patents for this invention have been taken out in England, France, and Belgium, and it is claimed that shafts made of this material are unbreakable. Some of the shafts already in use in Paris are greatly appreciated because of their cheapness and strength. It is not impossible that, in addition to paper wheels on railways, we are likely to have paper rails, they have been used to some extent in Russia and Germany, and are said to be free from many defects of the ordinary steel rail. Paper horseshoes have also been used, and are calculated to get a good grip on smooth pavements. The use of paper and wood pulp seems to be extending in a most surprising manner—paper coffins are already coming into use. Many advantages are claimed over wooden coffins, not the least of which is the matter of cost and quick destructibility. Paper dishes are also made, which will bear a close resemblance to china.

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Our Young Folks.

OFF TO THE GIPSIES!

BY L. K. P.

"My beautiful little Gipsy Queen!" That was the Baron's pet name for Erica, who, I am afraid, was a somewhat spoilt little maiden.

All the winter long Erica and her father lived in a flat in Berlin. But when the summer came they moved to the Baron's country house, deep in the beech and fir woods, which was full of deer. Here Erica ran wild and led a happy life.

Till now. But this year all the fun seemed over, for a governess went with them! The Baron said his little gipsy must not grow up a dunce. But Erica thought she knew better. In nurse's stories all the gipsies were wild and free and never did any lessons.

It was very horrid, and Erica was very miserable and naughty. There were hard words, and multiplication tables and pothooks-and-hangers. Erica determined to rebel.

"Nasty cross old thing!" she said to herself, scowling at Fraulein. "I won't stand it any longer! I'll just run away!"

The Baron went off on a few days' shooting visit. She wandered sulkily about the garden, one day, in disgrace.

She had been so naughty over her lessons that Fraulein would not play with her. As she stood brooding over her troubles, an idea came into her mind.

"Jacob?" she asked the old gardener; "did you ever see any gipsies?"

"Ja wohl! gracious Fraulein, there are plenty in the forest."

"Wherabouts?" Erica asked.

"Down in the oak valley is a favorite camping ground of theirs. But why do you ask, Fraulein?"

"Oh! nothing! Are they dark, like me?"

"Sure enough, black hair and eyes like yours, but burnt with the sun quite brown."

It was enough. Erica had found out what she wanted. That very afternoon when Fraulein was indulging in a little nap after her heavy mid day German dinner, Erica popped on her white sun hat, and slipped out of the gate in the fence which led to the forest, for she had made up her mind to run away to the gipsies and become their queen.

"I know I'm pretty enough—papa has often told me so—and dark enough, and the sun will soon tan me brown, and I'll do no more lessons. And papa? Well, when he comes shooting in the forest, I'll give him such a feast—wood strawberries. It will be nice," she went on, as she wandered along through the deep silence of the summer woods, "to live always in a tent, and to ride about from place to place on a donkey!"

Here a deep dell full of wild raspberries delayed her some time, till the evening shadows were lengthening. The wood had become dimmer and more silent and lonely. Every now and again there came strange mysterious noises of creeping and flying things. But the oak valley was not reached yet.

Erica began to feel very tired. She sat down under a tree to rest. The gipsies seemed a long way off, and it was growing dusk. Suddenly there was a tremendous rustling in the bushes just behind her, and a great black bear with huge white tusks in his horrid jaws, thrust his way out and looked as if he would eat her up.

Erica sprang up with a scream, and without daring to look behind her tore off down the path, and ran into the arms of two men ascending it.

They were tall, swarthy looking, ragged men, and they carried guns. Erica did not much like the look of them, but she liked the idea of the wild bear less.

"Oh! please, are you the gipsies?" she asked.

"And what do you want with the gipsies?" asked one of the men, with a scowl, adding in a low tone to his companion, "It is the young lady from the castle. She mustn't find us here, or she'll 'squeak.'"

"I want to go to the gipsies, and live in the forest—and—and—be their queen."

Erica had prepared long ago what she should say. But now, as she looked at the men her voice faltered; she wished she had never come into the forest, and did not want to see the gipsies at all.

"Want to be the gipsy queen, eh?" the man laughed unpleasantly. "Come along with us then; we'll soon make you a gipsy queen," and he seized her roughly by the arm.

Erica quaked. She gave a look round. It was almost dark in the forest now, and there were the wild boars, perhaps, even wolves. She let herself be dragged along through a by-path, which seemed as if it would never end.

At last they reached a low hut where some dirty woman and children sat cooking some animal over a wood fire. Were these the longed for gipsies? The smell and the dirt made Erica feel sick; the horrid looks of the people frightened her out of her wits.

"Here's a little lady wants to be our queen," laughed the man, pushing her into the dirty crowd.

"Oh! no, no!" screamed Erica. "I want to go home! Take me to papa—to Fraulein even."

"Wouldn't you like some supper first?" sneered one of the women. "A taste of the fiery Baron's venison here?"

"No, no; take me home!" sobbed Erica, letting herself fall to the ground and giving herself up for lost.

"You're our prisoner," muttered the man. "What will you give us to take you back?"

"What's that on your arm?" asked the woman, roughly seizing Erica's bangle.

"My gold bangle—godmamma's gold bangle! Oh! you hurt!"

The woman had wrenched it off, her black eyes glistened greedily.

"That will do for a ransom, I guess," said she, pocketing the ornament. "Take her away."

"Better blindfold her first," suggested the man, "she may remember the place."

They tied a dirty red handkerchief over her face, and half led, half dragged poor Erica, more dead than alive, a long, long way. When they moved the handkerchief they were on a road, close to a cottage and Hans, the charcoal burner, who often came to the castle to sell charcoal, stood before them.

"Oh, Hans," implored Erica, "take me home!"

She looked round. The man had vanished. But a gruff voice from out of the darkness muttered.

"Yes, take her home, Hans. But, remember, you found her lost in the forest. One word about us, and not another steak of venison or a hare will ever find its way into your cooking pot!"

Erica hardly heard. She was almost fainting with fatigue and terror. Hans had to get his donkey he used to carry the charcoal bags on, and thus all muddy, did the poor little would-be gipsy queen return to the castle, to fling herself sobbing into the arms of Fraulein, who was almost as terrified as she was.

To this day she never hears the Baron and his keepers discussing the misdeeds of the poachers in the forest without a shudder.

THE CHILD'S JOURNEY.

BY A. F.

A LITTLE girl was walking up a hillside, hand in hand with her Father. He was taking her to her home, which she had not yet seen; but far up through the trees she could see the blue smoke curling from its chimneys.

Behind her, down in the pleasant valley, she could still hear the voices of happy children at their play in the fresh green meadows; for she had not gone far upon her way as yet, but a little while ago had been herself one of the merriest among them.

She did not very well know what had brought her to the hillside at all, but it seemed like a long time since she had been walking quietly up the path, and listening to the low toned voice of her Father.

He was talking to her all the time, telling her many things; sometimes about her brothers and sisters and many friends in the fields below, sometimes about the many beautiful and curious things they met with in their walk up the hillside; sometimes about the home she was coming to and the work she would find there, which was of a kind to make the whole world glad.

The little girl listened and enjoyed it, for she loved to hear his voice, though she had not once yet looked up in his face.

The road was indeed very pretty and interesting, though it was not such easy walking as over dewy grass. There were songs of birds to listen to, beautiful colored flowers and stones to look and learn about, and as the path rose higher there was a sense of freedom and buoyance in the wind which was very delightful.

But after a time these pleasures were not enough to make up for the feeling of dull fear that was coming over her as she remembered what a long time she had spent in walking up the lonely hillside.

Who was this being whose face she had never seen, and whom she had called her father? How did she know he was her father? she became troubled, and wished she had never left the children and their happy, purposeless play.

When she remembered that, the thought came to me, "Why then did I leave them?" and she pulled her hand away, saying to herself, "I will go back and seek them now."

Immediately an indescribable horror fell upon her; she sought her Father's hand again, but could not reach it; she listened for His voice, but heard nothing. She looked up now, if by any chance she might see His face, but darkness covered the whole hillside—darkness and silence.

Through the silence while she listened intently, she presently heard in the far distance the children's voices, so faintly that only one who had heard it near could recognize the sound. That distance told her there was no going back.

The child threw herself flat on the ground and lay there. When she arose the utter darkness was gone, but the sky was gray, and a slight mist told her that evening was drawing near.

"This path must lead somewhere," she said wearily; "I must go on alone now and find out."

So she went on, and took indeed a few—a very few—steps, during which the dusk crept on, and a fear of the night came over her.

She began at last to feel very tired, as if she had been traveling over miles of rough mountain road, when, looking up, she saw what a little way she had gone—alone.

At this her courage broke down. She waited not to wonder if any answer would come, but sent forth a loud, ringing cry.

"Father, Father!"

She seemed to hear a swift movement through the gathering darkness close at her side, and in a moment her Father was holding her hand again as before.

Not one word did He speak, and soon night fell upon them, and in silent bravery the child walked on, looking only to her steps and clinging to the hand that was guiding her.

Through the long night they wandered (as it seemed to her, though there was no wandering, but straightforward journeying), and in the faint light of dawn they came to the brow of the hill.

In the dim twilight the child could see a rich and beautiful country stretching before them. They seemed to be nearing the entrance to a garden; the grass was now under their feet, soft, green, and thick with dew.

Now there were faint stirrings in the air, and timid twitterings from the birds that told the day was at hand.

And now she could see the blue smoke curling upwards from some invisible roof, showing that human life was also waking up to activity. Something said within her, "Your rest is here," and while she was musing, her Father's voice spoke again:

"We have reached your home, my child. Here one life runs through all, and that life is love, which creates everything in the world.

"In it joy and sorrow, labor and rest, are become one, and their name is blessedness; and in this life the world must find its being, little children their gladness, and old men their faith. Enter them into thy joy."

As she heard these last words, the child turned to look for the first time upon the face of her father; and immediately the sun shot up from behind the last ridge of the hill, and bathed his form in glory. And she saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.

At the same instant the twittering birds broke forth into song, myriads of daisies at their feet opened their yellow eyes; and the garden became peopled with moving figures, while the air was filled with a human song of thanks for the dawning of the new day.

DANCING ON SKATES.—Everybody has seen and taken part in the ordinary conventional society dances and balls and "at homes," but how many have seen, much less taken an active part in, the many dances on skates to music in a covered rink? Canada probably is the only place in the world where such a scene can be witnessed. Every afternoon at the skating rinks are seen graceful young girls, accompanied by stalwart, athletic-looking youths, dancing to the music of a military band. It is impossible to describe the grace and ease with which the couples go through the most intricate figures.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The Nile is the only great river that is largest at its source.

In Paris, on an average, 1 out of every 77 people rides a bicycle.

The speed of the salmon at its best is twenty five miles an hour.

Domestic servants in India are paid about $1 a week, with board.

In Japanese theatres nobody ventures to applaud until the cue is given from the stage.

According to insurance statistics, only one person in ten thousand lives to the age of 100 years.

Several [illegible] are published in the United States [illegible] in gross.

One of the features of Australian newspapers is the long line of English advertisements inquiring for missing friends.

Hawks are less abundant on islands and on ships in mid-ocean. Seamen [illegible] land can tell that fact by reason of the deposits of dew on the vessel.

The export of canary birds from Germany is very large. Every year about 150,000 of these birds are sent to America, 3,000 to England, and some 2,000 to Russia.

In the Loo Choo Islands, between Japan and Formosa, though there are neither vehicles nor public lighting, the inhabitants have letter boxes and telephones.

There are no undertakers in Japan. When a person dies his nearest relatives put him into a coffin and bury him. The mourning does not begin until after burial.

Users of lead pencil have whittled away several cedar forests in Europe, and the supply of wood suitable for lead [illegible] is practically exhausted in the Old World.

It is said that the kola nut, so commonly used by the negroes in the Congo country, besides being very refreshing and strengthening, is almost a certain cure for asthma.

In India there is still burning a sacred fire lighted by the Parsees twelve centuries ago. The flames are fed with sandal and other fragrant woods, and the fire is replenished five times a day.

Eggs when they are exposed to the air lose weight every day, and the diminution in their density shows the length of time they have been kept. Hence a stale egg floats on account of the increased lightness.

There is a hen in San Francisco that builds her home in a willow tree, and lives there like an ordinary tree-nesting bird. The fowl has all the fierceness of a hawk, and will allow no one to approach the tree.

In France kleptomania does not excuse thefts. Last year at the Paris Bon Marche, over six hundred and eighty persons, several of them rich ladies, were arrested for slyly pocketing articles from the counters.

When pins were first invented, they were considered so great a luxury as not to be fit for common use, and the maker was not allowed to sell them in an open shop except on two days of the year at the beginning of January.

Medical authorities assert that crying is the chief and best exercise for young children, and [illegible] that a healthy baby should cry three or four times a day at least, and from ten to fifteen minutes at a time.

Several excellent deposits of anthracite coal have been discovered in Minnesota recently. The veins thus far discovered are only about five feet in thickness; but the coal is of excellent quality, and there are indications that larger deposits exist in the neighborhood.

The marks on cards are said to have their origin in a symbolical representation of four different classes of European society. Hearts represented the clergy; spades the nobility, derived from the Italian word "spada," meaning sword; clubs the serfs, and diamonds the citizens.

Light single railways, on which large wheelbarrows run, are beginning to be used on [illegible] farms. The rails are [illegible] iron cross pieces, the ends joined by fish plates, and can be easily put in place and removed. The trucks can be drawn by horses or men.

In Japan the dead are always buried with the heads towards the north and feet towards the south. A living Japanese will never sleep in that position. In sleeping rooms of private houses, and of hotels even, a diagram of the points of the compass is pasted upon the ceiling for the benefit of timid guests.

In Australia the school children are all taught what to do if bitten by a snake. This drill is rendered necessary for the fact that the majority of the Australian snakes are venomous and almost as common as in India. The death rate from snake bite, however, is comparatively low, because the snakes are smaller and more timid. In [illegible] many the walls of the schoolrooms are [illegible] with maps of different species of poisonous weeds. There are colored plates of weeds in all stages of growth, and showing the way in which the seeds are scattered and propagated.

WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL AWAY.

BY M. A.

The tide rolls in and the tide rolls out,
While the gay winds lightly play,
And the clouds float red in the sunset sky,
At the close of another day.
And ever they whisper the same old tale
Of sorrow and joy and hope,
While the drama of life rolls on and on
'Neath the glow of the western slope.

Oh, the world as it swings 'neath the sunset clouds,
Sings over the same old song;
Some measures are merry and some are sad,
And others are sweet and strong.
I hark to the music, and softly sigh,
That sorrow should ever stay,
Then laugh for the joy that sweetens it all,
When the clouds have rolled away.

DUELLING IN EUROPE.

The popularity of the duel, even in Germany, is open to some doubt. Its prevalence seems to be caused by "what people will say if there is no fight," rather than a desire for combat. Capt. Ross, the finest pistol shot of the day, ascribes the custom in England almost solely to this.

There were some noted duellists—men who were famed for the use of their weapon—who were always, or almost always (Ross remarks significantly, "They never challenged me!") ready for the fray, but the world at large "went out" with them unwillingly. They had no wish to fight, and they knew the odds were against them, but they were "not going to be bullied." As a matter of fact, however, they were bullied—into fighting.

There is a popular notion that the custom of duelling preserved men from insult and rendered conversation more polite. The very reverse of this, Ross tells us (who was in a dozen affairs, but always as a second—he could shoot swallows on the wing), was the case. Well-known duellists used to enter the drawing rooms as Irishmen trail their coats behind them at Donnybrook Fair; and women's hearts sank within them lest their husbands or brothers should be the selected victims.

During the occupation of Paris by the allies, there were duels every day between Frenchmen and the interlopers, the former being always the challengers. They were very skilful with the small sword, and generally polished off their antagonists.

Sometimes they made a mistake, as when they jeered a well known English officer on his having lost his leg at Waterloo—not a very delicate kind of raillery—who proved that he had still the use of his arms by running his adversary through the body.

There were, however, exceptions to the general enthusiasm for fighting at any price. A Captain in one of the cavalry regiments, being challenged, had the choice of weapons, and chose the pistol; the Frenchman swore he would only fight with swords; friends, always anxious that these affairs should come off, proffered their good offices and arranged that they should fight on horseback with lances. The combat naturally excited much attention and took place amid a great crowd. "B. received three wounds," says his biographer, "but, by a lucky prod, eventually killed his man."

There is nothing so conventional as the duel; it must be fought with recognized weapons, not with spits or hammers. Any departure from precedent or formality imperils its existence.

The fighting across a handkerchief has never been popular, nor the plan of one pistol being loaded and the other not, while, of course, the least touch of humor is fatal to its pretensions.

The Englishman and the Frenchman who agreed to fight in the dark is a story which no advocate of the duello could be induced to smile at. The Englishman, wishing to have no blood on his hands, fires up the chimney and brings the Frenchman down. Rogers' postscript, as told by Dickens to Locker, was not the worst part of the story—"When I tell that in Paris I always put the Englishman up the chimney."

The well-known incident in Lever's novel of the duellist in his coat of mail was taken from the biography of Fighting Fitzgerald. He had killed or wounded no fewer than eighteen opponents before his little precaution was discovered. In his duel with Major Cunningham the Major's sword struck against his breast and snapped.

Hard as Fitzgerald's heart was known to be, this was thought to be inexplicable, except on the theory of a steel surface, which examination proved to be the case. It is noteworthy that this cowardly scoundrel had been endured in society for many years, solely on account of his supposed skill as a duellist. After his exposure he murdered a neighbor in Ireland quite unscientifically and without any appeal to the laws of honor, and was hanged for it. Twice the rope broke, and twice he fell to the ground, supplicating for five minutes' longer life.

The duel between Lord Camelford and Capt. Best was an especially deplorable one. His lordship was in the wrong, and knew it; but would not admit it, because the Captain was known to be a first-rate shot, and, as usual, he feared death less than what people would say. He was not an exemplary character, but his solicitude in his dying moments for his opponent's safety, and to show that he had only himself to thank for the catastrophe, was very touching.

The most tragic duel recorded in England was probably that between Lord Byron, granduncle of the poet, and his kinsman, Mr. Chaworth. It was fought in an empty room of a tavern by the light of a solitary tallow candle, and not without some suspicion as regards fairness. Lord Byron was tried for murder, but found guilty only of manslaughter, from the penalties of which he escaped through being a Peer of the realm. This singular privilege was not finally done away with before the present reign.

Lord Byron survived his opponent thirty-three years, leaving his title (in 1798) to the poet, who writes of him: "So far from his retiring from the world in consequence of the duel, my granduncle made the tour of Europe, and was appointed Master of the Staghounds afterwards; while as for feeling any remorse about the matter, he always kept the sword with which he had killed his cousin in his bedchamber, as a trustworthy weapon that had done him good service."

Grains of Gold.

Love never loses anything by being tested.

If we could see better the world would be better.

Never waste any time in debating with a doubt.

The man who is not a friend, will often need one.

There is as much kill in selfishness, as there is in poison.

It takes a warm prayer to bring down fire from heaven.

He that swears tell us that his bare word is not to be credited.

Conduct will never be right while convictions are wrong.

Things around us will look better, if we first look overhead.

Pleasure is the business of youth, business is the pleasure of age.

It is not those who have the best opportunities, who make the best use of them.

Give a loose rein to any kind of sin, and a runaway horse isn't a circumstance.

The richest man is the one who can give away the most and regret it the least.

Pray that you may not enter into temptation, and then do your best to keep out of it.

It takes some men a long time to find out that they can never get rich by keeping all they get.

It is hard to convince a stingy man that he is robbing himself by keeping his money in his pocket.

Femininities.

"Do you expect to suffer from hay fever this summer, Mrs. De Long?" "No; not unless my husband's business improves."

Copenhagen is to have a woman's theatre, with women to manage it, women to act all the parts, and women to write the plays.

A seven-foot colored man is now playing "Uncle Tom" in Southern Kansas. He was born in California and has brothers just as tall.

A new pledge has been circulated in Gardiner, Me., 20 or more ladies having signed an agreement not to wear any birds' wings as plumage on their hats or bonnets.

It takes a man half his life to learn how to buy clothes, and then when he does find out what he wants he gets a suit so seldom he forgets.

The orange flower is considered by the Sicilians as emblematic of generosity. In almost all parts of Europe, and also in this country, it is regarded as a wedding flower.

In England the ivy is considered an emblem of fidelity. In all parts of Great Britan the ivy grows with a luxuriance unknown in most other quarters of the globe.

A dusty carpet may be cleaned by dipping the broom in cold water, shaking off all the drops, and sweeping a yard or so at a time. Wash the broom and repeat until the entire carpet has been swept.

Lotta, the actress, is at present living in absolute retirement in Northern New Jersey. Despite the fact that she is in her 20th year, she does not look a day over 40, and is just as cheerful and merry as ever.

The train by which Queen Victoria travels runs at an average speed of from 40 to 45 miles an hour, and the lines are cleared of all traffic some thirty minutes before it is due. Every precaution possible is taken to insure a comfortable, safe and undisturbed journey.

Sarah Bernhardt says that if she is in a crowd of people and a dog or cat is near it will come naturally to her, without her making the slightest movement. Why this is the case she cannot say, unless there is developed in her another sense, the existence of which animals at once perceive.

Holland papers report that Mlle. Maria Colpkens has been sleeping for the last 341 days. She is fed by artificial means. The paragraph leads the Strasburger Zeitung to say that the "greatest sleeper of our time is a French woman, Margaret Royenvay, who has been asleep for 17 years in Thenelles, Department of Aisne."

Guest cards of Holland delft are among the latest novelties for the table. The cards are in odd shapes, showing the conventional delft scenes. The name is written on a white space at the bottom of the card and may be easily rubbed off when the luncheon or dinner is over. This fact makes them rather an economical investment.

A new fashion in fancy work, and one that is likely to become very popular, has been introduced. Instead of the designs that have been in vogue for so many years, of leaves and flowers, it is now possible to buy linen, stamped with designs after various kinds of china. Delft china can be most successfully imitated, and its effect is most charming.

How women do admire their weddings—not their own merely, but anybody's! How they throng the churches, "just to see the ceremony!" Then what animated descriptions of the whole affair!—what glowing accounts of what the bride "had on!" What criticisms of the bridesmaids! In short, what an immense amount of simper, and giggle, and prattle—all because two inoffensive people are going, in a legal and orderly way, to set up housekeeping! Funny, isn't it?

It is a very remarkable fact that the greatest and best cooks have always been men. Cooking is supposed to be essentially the province, in some ranks of life an essential quality, of women; but all the big posts of the cooking world are held by men, and of these, the French and Swiss are most expert. Few women possess the initiatory power of concocting new dishes, or of exercising the startling originality in the kitchen that they use with such marvellous results in the dressmaker's or milliner's work-room. But on the other hand one strong point in the woman-cook's favor is that she is more particular with regard to the cleanliness of her saucepans and cooking utensils than her male rival. Yet all the famous cooks have been men.

Mlle. Henriette Conedon, the trance medium, who is the rage of Paris, and who, among other lucky guesses, foretold that Queen Victoria would be in fresh mourning this year, has now prophesied that the Queen will live to the age of ninety-nine. This prediction will, no doubt, be the deathblow to the Prince of Wales' hope, who may as well make up his mind to go down to his grave an uncrowned King. As Victoria Alexandrina was born in Kensington Palace on May 24, 1819, she celebrated the seventy seventh anniversary of her birth this month, and the fulfillment of the Parisian seeress' promise of twenty-two additional years of reign would keep her upon the throne of the British Empire until the year 1913.

Masculinities.

She: What is it you find to admire in that old uncle of yours. He: His will power. He's very rich.

Archibald Hammer, of Kuticut, Ind., is the father of three boys, whose names are Trip, Tack and Sledge.

At the funeral of Miss Jennie Ramsey, a popular young woman of Kiowa, Kan., the other day, women acted as pall-bearers.

Sleeplessness may be cured by the administration of from one-half pint to a pint of warm liquid food—soup or milk—just before retiring.

English convicts are to have "the monotony of their lives relieved" and their "moral tone raised" by lectures on "scientific and interesting subjects."

"Dar am seech er t'ing," said Uncle Ebon, "'s too much concentration. Tain' er good idee fer er man ter study all 'is botany in er mint julep tumbler."

The white camellia has been a favorite flower in France ever since the publication of Dumas's "Dame aux Camellias." In that country it is regarded as symbolic of loveliness.

Nell: Mrs. Bjones is slightly eccentric, isn't she? Belle: Eccentric! Well, I should say so. Why, she actually admitted that there possibly might be babies as smart as hers.

Men are the kind of husbands that their wives make them. No man was born a husband, it should be remembered. Men inherit diseases, temper, warts and moles, but they don't inherit wives.

Dawkins: I wonder why it is that when a woman throws a stone at anything she is apt to hit something in an entirely different direction. Jawkins: That's because she is brought up without any aim in life.

Headmaster, addressing the class: How simple and yet sublime is the beautiful and detailed description which Pliny, the younger, gives us of the house in which he lived. Solomon, aside to his neighbor: Most likely he wanted to sell it.

Bicycle wedding trips are all the rage on the Continent. One couple recently returned home after a tour of eleven hundred miles, all made on wheels. They were absent seven weeks, and had visited three hundred and fourteen towns and villages.

A Norwegian fisherman named Brakmo is posing as a modern Robinson Crusoe. Last year he was driven by a storm to Spitzbergen, where he was compelled to live for thirteen months in a hut lined with reindeer skin, subsisting on what he could kill.

In Bavaria the police will allow no woman to appear in public on a bicycle unless she holds a certificate of efficiency. To obtain one she must first ride before the police officials in a crowd of other candidates without falling off or running into any one.

Not since 1875 has there been such a fine prospect for a big crop of peaches in Delaware, and unless something unforeseen happens the crop this year will be a third larger than in 1893, when peaches were allowed to rot on the trees, because it didn't pay to ship them to market.

Mr. Edison believes that the newspapers of the future will be published by phonograph. His reason for this is that the eyesight of the people is becoming poorer, time is more precious, and that many newspapers are so large that it is impossible for people to read them through.

The little town of Nasso, in Sweden, has a feminine department, 150 strong, in its fire brigade. The waterworks of the village consists simply of four great tubs, and it is the duty of the women "firewen" to keep these full in case of fire. They stand in two continuous lines from the tubs to the lake, about three streets away, one line passing the full buckets and the other sending them back.

Frank M. Boyer, a brakeman on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railway, fell between two cars and four trucks passed over without injuring him. He realized his danger, and by a quick move reached up and took a firm hold of the car fittings, thence gaining a position on top of one of the trucks. In this position he rode for nine miles, until the train reached Dalton, where he was rescued.

Typhoid fever! as singularly stricken a man at Anderson, Ind. He had a severe attack of the fever, but completely recovered physically. His mind is strangely affected. He does not remember any he know previous to his illness and his family are strangers to him. He was a clever workman at his trade of glass-blowing before his illness, but has entirely forgotten all about his work. His mind is blank in these two respects, but he is entirely rational otherwise.

Mr. Barnett (or, familiarly, "Barney") Barnato, the financial genius of the South African mines, is a man in the prime of life. His age is forty-two. When he landed at the Cape twenty-five years ago he was unknown, friendless and penniless, and his first earnings were those which he obtained by his juggling entertainments. He has still a passion for things theatrical, and is, it is said, writing a cosmopolitan drama, largely based upon his experiences of life in the gold country.

Latest Fashion Phases.

An attractive suit for a small boy is made of red cheviot with a full blouse with large sailor collar; small black buttons fasten it from the collar to the waist, while a small pocket adorned with black braid is sewn on the left side. A row of braid trims the collar, being sewn on about two inches from the edge. The small vest has a pretty little anchor in the centre, which is carried out in black braid. A row of the braid simulates a cuff on the sleeves. The cap is of red leather.

A stylish suit for a young girl from 14 to 16 years of age, is made of brown covert cloth. The full skirt is quite plain and is lined with cambric, and faced six inches deep at the foot with haircloth.

The smart little jacket has moderately full basques and extremely stylish revers cut in a pointed tab and stitched. The collar is made of velvet. Convenient little pockets are on either side of the front. The gigot sleeve is stitched at the hand. This jaunty little jacket opens to display a full gilet of chameleon silk in tan and brown, with a full collar of the same.

Very pretty frocks are made of white muslin, with a plain full skirt with two bands of insertion set in a few inches above the hem. The bodices are quite full, being gathered at the shoulders, and are then crossed and disappear under a sash of white or colored ribbon. Frills of fine embroidery edge either side of the crossed fronts. The sleeves may be either the bishop or a tight-fitting sleeve, with small ruffles falling over the top. Many of these dainty frocks are made over colored slips.

An attractive frock, to be worn with a guimpe, is of dimity with small lines of heliotrope. The plain skirt is made very full and without goring. This is sewn on to the band in gathers, keeping the fullness as much as possible to the back. Three rows of fine shirring at the waist greatly improve the hanging of this skirt. The full baby-waist gathered at the belt has an insertion through which heliotrope ribbon is run, being finished at the back with pretty rosettes with two long ends. Straps of this same insertion cross the shoulders, terminating both front and back with ribbon rosettes, while a double ruffle of embroidery coming from beneath the outer edge falls over the top of the short puffed sleeve. A rosette is placed on either side of the front on the belt.

The very newest idea in women's lingerie is combining the corset cover and walking skirt, the garment being especially designed with a view toward doing away with one extra belt at the waist.

The skirt is connected with the cover by a narrow band of embroidered beading, fastening to the bodice blindly underneath the band with tiny pearl buttons, thereby intimating that the skirt may be worn without the cover.

What is called a "smart" gown in London is a kind of hopsacking the color of cedarwood, with vest and epaulettes of a lighter shade of cloth trimmed with small gold buttons and pipings of reseda cloth.

The question of reviving immense collars high and outspread in the Medicis style has arisen and modistes take kindly to the idea, which is only mooted as yet.

The Empire poke bonnet is very chic and pretty above a young and piquant face and in black or gray it is especially becoming to not a few woman of mature years, who are blest with a luxuriant growth of hair that can be waved beneath the spreading arched brim. Many fashionable women who eschew what is generally fashionable, and elect to wear just the opposite of prevailing modes, especially in the millinery line, are adopting this unique little Quaker-like bonnet, discarding all the frills and bushels of flowers now the rage, and wearing the simple hat in gray, brown, or black straw, trimmed with wide rich satin ribbons, bows and knots matching the straw caught with very elegant buckles of Norwegian silver, rhinestone, or cut steel. The rosettes or bows are set on each side of the crown just above the ears, and the bonnet is tied under the chin with narrow satin ribbon. For summer wear are lovely pokes of white straw, with white satin bows and one pink rose, and buds by way of garniture.

Chine effects are truly the keynote of nearly everything in the world of dress, the patterns appearing among silks, satins, fancy velvets, cottons, silk and wool fabrics, etc. Nearly all dressy gowns are now made with silk linings and many chine brocades are used for that purpose. Then a silk flounce, pinked at both edges and placed inside the hem, is imperative. These fancy silks look very well for a change, but the shot silks, or better still, the plain taffeta silks in monochrome, are really the most elegant and refined choice.

Billows of tulle crown the majority of dressy millinery—one color over the other very often, to produce the shot effect so much desired, or maybe to enable a greater display of color—green tulle under rose color or blue, yellow under green, black over white, or vice versa. The word "billow" is used advisedly in relation to tulle as manipulated by the milliner. These tulle pleatings are now sold by the yard in all colors and combinations, plain, ribbon-edged, fluted, flowered and silk embroidered, and if the May Queen style of headwear offered you does not suit your taste, you have only to purchase a becoming straw shape and then select as much or as little tulle and other garnitures as you desire.

An exquisite cape seen has a deep collar, with narrow stole ends in mirror velvet, edged with gimp galon and lined mauve surah. Kilted flounces in black silk gauze, spreading front and back as an outstretched fan. Thick black ruffle, dotted with shot ribbon bows and a larger one with loops and ends drooping slightly at the back.

A very unique design for a mock jacket is in accordion-pleated chiffon; very large sleeves and yoke in chine brocbe silk. Throat ruche of pleated chiffon and large satin bows.

One of the newest, as well as one of the loveliest capes of the season is composed of light shot glace green and gold, kilted perpendicular all around, and bordered with frillings of the colors, lined throughout with black glace; it is inordinately full, which is what a good cape should be in these days.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Marlborough Soup.—2 pounds shin of beef, 3 ounces lean bacon, 1 large onion, 1 carrot, 1 shallot, seasoning, a little soy, a head of celery, 3 eggs, ½ gill of milk, 1 ounce flour, 4 pints water. Put the carrot and onion in a frying-pan with the bacon, cut in dice, and a little butter, fry gently for 10 minutes, then add the beef, cut in small pieces, seasoning, and water; let boil, remove the scum as it rises, add a little cold water to raise the second scum, let simmer 4 hours, adding a little more water from time to time. Cut the heart of the celery in shreds, throw in boiling water, and add the shallot, chopped very finely; simmer till cooked, then drain. Mix the eggs with the milk, seasoning, and flour, pour into a buttered mould, and steam 20 minutes. When cooked let get cold, and cut in dice; strain the soup through a fine cloth, add a few drops of soy, put the celery and custard in a tureen, pour the soup over, and serve.

Fillets of Soles a la Demidoff.—Take three filleted soles, one bottle truffles, parsley, a little anchovy sauce, one pint stock, a little roux, juice of one lemon, seasoning. Wipe the fillets in a cloth, dip them in flour, sprinkle seasoning over, roll them up, put in a baking-tin, with a little butter, the lemon juice, and one tablespoonful vinegar, cover with buttered paper, and bake fifteen minutes. Put the bones of the soles in a saucepan with the stock, a tablespoonful anchovy sauce, seasoning and roux; boil for twenty minutes, strain; chop the truffles and parsley very finely, dip the ends of the rolls of soles in the sauce, and then dip half of them in the truffles, half in the parsley, dish alternately in a circle, pour the sauce round and serve.

Maraschino Punch.—For luncheons which have lighter courses than dinners liquid appetizers are appropriate, and the various "arrangements" of liqueurs with orange or grape fruits are considered delicious. One of these is known as maraschino punch, and is prepared in the following manner: Select as many large oranges as the number of guests requires, and prepare them by giving each one a transverse cut about half an inch from the top. The interior and the sliced part also are then nicely scooped out and the pulp is pressed into a sieve until the juice is all extracted. This is sweetened to taste and weakened with a little water until a strong orangeade is made. Into this is finally poured a sufficient quantity of maraschino to flavor the mixture agreeably, and the empty oranges are filled with it. Two straws are then prettily tied to the tops by narrow ribbons drawn through two punctures. These ribbons must match the other decorations of the table, and harmonize as well with the color of the oranges themselves. When the cup is filled again they are ready for serving. They may be prevented from upsetting and spilling the contents by being put in paper cases upon small decorated plates.

Bacon and Liver Stew.—Pour boiling water over a beef or calf liver, let stand one-half hour, then cut the liver with deep gashes, insert thin slices of bacon in these cuts and fasten in with tooth-picks. Have three or four slices of bacon in the pot over a hot fire, frying with an onion cut fine; when fried to a crisp put the liver in, cover tightly, let cook about ten minutes, turning often, then dredge well with flour, pour boiling water over till the liver is covered, put on the top of the stove where it will cook slowly. Cook three hours; a nice brown gravy will be done with the liver.

Yellow Cake.—One cup of granulated sugar, one-half cup butter, yolks of five eggs, one-half cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, flavor.

Boiled Fowl with Ham and Poached Eggs.—1 fowl, 6 eggs, 6 small slices of ham, 1 onion, 1 carrot, a little celery, seasoning, a blade of mace, 1 clove, 1 bay-leaf. Put the fowl in a stewpan with sufficient water to cover it, add the onion, carrot, and celery, cut in slices; prick the breast of the fowl with a needle, boil 30 minutes, then add the mace, clove, and bay-leaf; boil 15 minutes longer, then drain in a cloth; thicken ½ pint of the liquor with roux and strain it. Dish the fowl in the centre of a hot dish, pour the sauce over, and put the ham, grilled, and the eggs, carefully poached, round it.

Pork Cutlets.—Neck of pork, 2 ozs. butter, a teaspoonful chopped parsley, 1 teaspoonful sage, finely minced shallot, 2 eggs, breadcrumbs. Trim the cutlets neatly and flatten them. Melt the butter in a saucepan with the parsley, sage, and shallot, then add seasoning and the eggs; mix well; dip the cutlets first in this mixture then in breadcrumbs, let stand 10 minutes, then fry in butter from 18 to 20 minutes, according to size. Pork should be always thoroughly cooked.

A Cheese Sandwich.—Pound together to a smooth paste one part of fresh butter and two parts of Parmesan cheese, with made mustard to taste. Butter some thin slices of bread with this mixture and lay on half their number thin slices of chicken, ham or other kind of meat desired. Press the cheese spread on the above, and cut into neat, narrow sandwiches.

How to Cook Codfish.—A new and most excellent dish of codfish, invented or discovered by Miss Bedford of the New York School of Cookery, is prepared in the following way: As I have not the exact formula, I can only give it to you as it came to me. Take a good sized piece of the fish, freshen and soften it by soaking in cold water, and take out the bones. Parboil the fish in mild and season it with pepper and a dash of paprika. Take from the milk, break into flakes, and put into a saucepan with the juice of one onion and a large piece of butter, and heat until a light brown at the edges. Add to the fish a cupful of the meats of boiled walnuts, thicken the flour in which it was boiled slightly, and brown in the oven.

The torn pages of a book may be nicely mended with white tissue paper.

Clean plaster of paris ornaments with wet starch. Brush off when dry.

A few drops of benzoin placed on cotton and put in or around a tooth that is aching will almost instantly stop the pain.

A tiny piece of bicarbonate of soda mixed with tomatoes that are to be cooked with milk or cream will, if added first, prevent the milk from curdling.

When the hair is dry and brittle, with a tendency to fall out, an English restorative is the simple one of a free application of pure cocoanut oil with daily brushing. This treatment continued for a few weeks—six, perhaps—will, it is said, accomplish the best results.

The chimney of a lamp is less liable to break if never touched with water. A few drops of alcohol, or even paraffin oil, will remove the dim, smoky effect and make the chimney bright when it is polished with soft flannel or chamois skin.

Chamois leathers, after being used, should be thoroughly rinsed, then wrung nearly dry and placed in bags, each by itself, in a cupboard out of the way. The common practice of allowing sponges and chamois leather to lie around is a very wasteful one.

Rounds of felt placed between the different pieces of a dinner set keep them from becoming scratched more effectually than do pieces of tissue paper.

When laundering embroidered linen, make a strong suds of some white soap and lukewarm water and wash the pieces carefully. The washboard must not be used; rinse immediately in lukewarm water and then in water slightly blued, and hang out to dry. When half dry, lay them out smoothly on a clean cloth, which has been laid over a piece of double-faced, white Canton flannel, and press on the wrong side with a hot iron until they are quite dry. If they are fringed, comb the fringe out carefully with a moderately coarse comb.

To clean silver, first wash or remove all the grease from the silver, then rub with a woolen cloth wet with ammonia and whiting and polish on the chased and filigree parts with a toothbrush.

The Woman who Never Gossips.—Oh, no! I never gossip! I have enough to do to take care of my business without talking about the affairs of others, Mrs. Smith. Why, there's Mrs. Crocker—she deals in scandal by the wholesome.

It does seem to me as though that woman's tongue must be almost worn out; but no, there's no danger of that. If everybody was like me, there wouldn't be much trouble in the world. Oh, no! I never gossip! But did you know that Miss Elliott had got a new silk dress, Mrs. Smith? You didn't? Well, she has.

It's a real brocade; I saw it myself; and I do say its shameful for her to be so extravagant. I mean to give her a piece of my mind, Mrs. Smith. You believe her uncle gave it to her? Well, I don't care if he did.

Why, it's only two months since her father failed; and now to see her dash out in this style, it's a burning shame. I suppose she thinks she's going to catch young lawyer Jones; but I think she'll find herself mistaken. He's got more sense than to be caught by her, if she has got a brocade silk dress.

And there's the upstart dressmaker, Kate Manley, setting her cap for the doctor's son. The impertinence of some people is perfectly astonishing. I don't think she's any better than she ought to be, for my own part.

I never did like her, with her mild, soft look, when anybody's about. My word for it, she can look cross enough when there ain't. Then she says she is only seventeen! Goodness knows she's as old as my Arabella Lucretia; and she's—well, I won't say how old, but she's more'n seventeen, and I ain't ashamed to say so either; but I think Dr. May's son will have more discretion than to think of marrying her.

Some folks call her handsome. Well, I don't. She ain't half so good-looking as my daughter Jane. Then the way she does up her hair in such fly-away curls! and, if you believe it, Mrs. Smith, she actually had the impudence to tell me that she couldn't make her hair straight as my Maria's. Impertinence! If she'd let curling-papers and curling-irons alone, I'd risk but what her hair would be as straight as anybody's.

But what do you think of the minister's wife, Mrs. Smith? You like her! Well, all I can say is you've got a very peculiar taste. Why, she's as proud as Lucifer, been married a whole week, and hasn't been to see me yet. You presume she hasn't had time?

I don't see what the minister wanted to go out of town to get him a wife for, any way; and then, above all things, to get that little girlish-looking thing! Why didn't he take one of his parishioners? There's my Arabella Lucretia would have made him a better wife than he's got now.

And she's just about the right age for him. What do you say? that Arabella Lucretia is two years older than the minister? I should think it was a pity if I didn't know my own daughter's age, Mrs. Smith. If some folks would mind their own business, as I do, I'd thank them.

Slaves But Free.—During slavery times Henrietta Martin, a negress, was sold, with other slaves, to a planter who lived in the western part of Texas. The war came and passed, and the shackles fell from thousands of the emancipated, but Henrietta Martin toiled on in the fields from year to year unconscious that freedom had come to her race.

A year or two ago she was brought to Missouri as a domestic in a family related to her Texas master. Not until she reached that state did she learn that she was not, and had not been for years, a slave in the eyes of the law. Her children, a boy and a girl, neither of whom is over twenty-five years of age, did not know they were no longer slaves.

All There.

BY S. U. W.

I RECEIVED a note from Aulnee begging me to go at once and see her, for she was in the direst predicament, so she wrote, and despairing. I went at once, of course—I always obey Aulnee's commands, even when she isn't in distress, which, I gathered from her hasty epistle, she was at present.

"You frightened me out of my senses," I said as she greeted me, looking particularly roseate and shamelessly good looking. "Despair becomes you!"

"Oh! don't be unkind, Dison. If you knew what I am suffering!"

"I am all ears."

"Well, sit down, do."

She stood leaning against the mantelpiece, with a genuine effort at a frown on her naturally smooth brow, while I sank into a deep armchair.

Miss Aulnee always confessed from the pulpit as it were, with little intervals of walking up and down the room, and, though I was enthroned judge and counsellor and priest in one, I was never allowed to say very much.

"What's the matter?" I murmured.

She darted a look of pathetic entreaty, yet something comical lurked behind the look that forced a laugh from me before I could properly assume the grave countenance she invariably expected on these occasions.

"You may just as well begin by laughing," she said, really pathetically this time, "because once I tell you you'll simply be unbearable."

"Does it concern me?" I demanded in some trepidation.

"I wish it did," she answered, and we fell into a silence which lasted for at least three seconds.

"It's a most awful thing, anyhow!" she exclaimed at last, "and the worst of it is, you'll only laugh."

I promise a becoming gravity.

"Well," she said, suddenly, with a rush, "I have had four proposals this week."

"That seems a good record. I don't see anything to complain of. I suppose you want my advice as to which to accept?"

"No, it isn't that. I—I accepted them all."

"What! All four?"

"In a sort of way. I led each one to think it would be all right, you know!"

"There's safety in numbers, at any rate."

"I knew you'd make fun!"

"I am not making fun in the least. I don't think it's funny—only——"

"Don't you understand what a dear Jack Forde is?" she interrupted. "We were brought up together, you know." A telltale flush spread over her face. (She cares for him really, I decided.) "Well, when one's with Jack one does like him dreadfully—he is so young and high spirited and devoted, I think."

"Next, please."

"Then there's Walter Fielding."

"Don't know him."

"No!" She gave a little sigh. My surmise about Jack must have been wrong. "Well, he paints the most lovely pictures in the world, and I am so happy when I am in his studio. I think I should love to marry a painter. They are not conventional, you know, and he thinks I have got pretty feet—it's only the shoe, really; but I don't care for him. He's—"

"Proceed, Miss Aulnee," I urged. "I too, have remarked the feet."

"Ah, that's nice of you. Well, Sir Julian Clifford!"

"He's fifty!"

"I know; but he loves me so—he loves me more than all the others put together. And he seems to consider it such an honor that I should care for him, and I can't tell you how wonderful that is to a woman. He has such beautiful gray eyes, too, and he never takes one for granted. I think I love him rather desperately."

A dreamy look crept into her eyes; she hesitated, then gave a little short, quick laugh.

"This is the one, after all," thought I.

"It's Reginald Mason."

"That prig!"

"Oh, how you're down upon him because he's much cleverer than most of you. There's something in him that fascinates me oddly. He's different to any one else in the world, and so witty! Then, at the most unexpected moments, one catches a note of pathos in his tone, something of a latent sadness which makes one feel one would do anything in the world just to make him happier."

"I congratulate you, Miss Aulnee," I said, rising. "Only, which is it to be?—because I haven't in the least guessed—as you say they are all so charming."

"That's the difficulty. I like them all in so totally different a way. You see, there are three kinds of men with regard to matrimony; the man one knows at once one would marry and love for ever; the man one thinks one might love, and the man one simply couldn't anyhow. Now, unfortunately, my four fiancés all come under the second heading."

"Has no one ever come under the first?"

She looked at me for several moments considering; then she laughed—"Why, yes, only they never liked one."

"That's a great difficulty, of course, though I should have thought——" Here some afternoon callers sailed into the room, and for some moments we were separated. She came back to me, however, on the appearance of her sister, and murmured:

"Do, do suggest something!"

"Give me a week," I said.

"So long?"

"A week!" I repeated, and we said good bye. I met Sir Julian Clifford on the stairs. He was certainly very good looking.

The week duly elapsed, and I heard again from Aulnee. "Things much worse," she wrote. "Four letters every morning of entreaties for a definite answer. Four bouquets every evening. I can't bear it any longer. Tell me for pity's sake, what to do. They are all awfully kind."

"Dear Miss Aulnee," I answered, "I am extremely busy, but meet me to-morrow at the corner of M—— street, at 12 o'clock. I have thought of a good plan, only you must have courage, otherwise I cannot help you."

She was there ten minute late.

"How absurd of you to make me come here!" she said; "and how pale you look! and so smart."

"Miss Aulnee," said I—my voice was slightly trembling—"you see that house?"

"Yes," said she; "but what——"

"That's a justice of the peace's office."

"Oh, dear! Are any of them about? 'Cause I really can't. It's awfully good of you—but I really can't—not even Walter Fielding. And I do care——"

"None of them are about," I said.

"Well?"

"You demon!" I paused a moment. She looked up, a little frightened. "Will you marry me?"

"Dison!"

"Will you marry me now?"

"But, Dison?"

We crossed the road.

"Now!"

"I think you are very unkind. I like a proper wedding with bridesmaids."

"You shall have that after."

We were at the door. She turned suddenly white and walked in, with her little head very erect. When we came out (I don't think I have ever seen anything quite so lovely as she looked) she said:

"Dison, you came under the first heading."

I put her in a cab, and she drove home alone. Three weeks later we were married at St. George's, Hanover square. They were all there.

THE STEADY FIGHTER.—Savages with their endless training in war rarely show anything like the fine bravery which is common in the well-bred citizens of a civilized folk, who have never seen, much less taken part in combats.

More trustworthy soldiers have never been known than those of our Civil War, when not one in a thousand had slain a man until it became a duty to do so.

Moreover, modern warfare calls on troops, not for the rush of battle, but for a steady, business-like duty, where hot blood counts for little, but where the methodical, painstaking laboriousness of civilization counts for much, is, indeed, the telling element of the campaign.

War has, indeed, become in our own day a mill occupation, requiring in its operators all the best qualities of the citizen and none of those of the savage.

The writer has had some opportunity for noting the kind of men who are serviceable in war. So far as his observations go, the bully is worthless, for he is pretty certain to be out of the ranks in a crisis.

So, too, the rather higher grade fellow who trusts to his physical prowess, who has proved his valor to his own satisfaction in personal difficulties, is likely, when a little out of condition, to evaporate in a fight.

The quiet country boy, accustomed to farm labor, or, better still, the well-trained clerk or student, who had had a fancy for out-of-door sports, is the man for the trials of the march or camp, as well as for the incidental, though rare, moments of battle.

This is the general experience of many soldiers who have had occasion to observe the qualities of men who complete the rank and file of armies.

It is a noteworthy fact that the present commander in chief of our army was a farm boy, then a clerk, entered on the lowest grade, and won his way by soldierly qualities of the highest grade to the head of his corps.

The facts thus seem to go dead against the notion derived from the ancient conditions of warfare when personal combats decided the fate of campaigns, that we need to keep up the habit of combat.

HELD ONCE A YEAR.—Helmagen, a Rumanian country town of twelve hundred inhabitants, holds its annual fair on the feast of St. Theodore.

On this occasion the place swarms with newly-married brides from sixty to eighty villages in the district; though widows who have taken fresh husbands remain at home.

The young women, in festive attire, and generally attended by their mother-in-law, carry jugs of wine enwreathed with flowers in their hands.

They kiss almost every man they meet, and afterward present the jug to his lip. The individual thus regaled bestows a small gift on the fair bride.

Not to partake of the proffered wine is regarded as an insult to the young wife and her family. She is, therefore, reserved toward strangers, and only kisses those whom she thinks likely to taste her wine.

The origin of this custom is veiled in obscurity. Some say that it dates back to the time when the Turks made frequent raids into Transylvania and carried away all the young women they could lay their hands on.

Such of them as contrived to escape from captivity, happening to return to Helmagen at the time of the fair, kissed their friends and relatives, and even strangers who congratulated them on their wonderful deliverance.

COURTSHIP AMONG BIRDS.—Courtships exist amongst the birds as well as amongst human beings, and in both cases form one of the most serious and necessary businesses of life; but there is at least one very remarkable difference, for while amongst human beings women sport the gayer and more gorgeous costume in order to attract the other sex, amongst birds that rule is reversed, and it is the males who are arrayed in the brighter and gayer plumage, and who take every opportunity of showing off to the best advantage before the birds they wish to mate with.

In the case of the bluebird, the male lover will perch a few inches away from his enslaver, and attempt to bewitch her with the sweetness of his song. His low, soft warble is a delicious bit of love pleading, which ought to soften the most obdurate heart, but the female is coy, and flouts him.

Coming nearer, and slightly elevating and quivering his wings, he bows in front of her, all the while pleading in an impassioned manner, and, then raising himself, puffs out his breast and stalks in front of her.

His song then takes a more virile strain, and he boasts of his prowess in the fields. Anon he turns his neck and calls her attention to his beautiful blue coat.

Again he turns and points to the beauty of his scarlet vest, and this last argument (how deadly is a red coat in all courtships!) proves effective, and the fair one yields.

The courting of the peacock is not so pleasing in voice, but he proceeds much in the same way in the plumage argument.

He spreads out his beautiful tail to its greatest extent, and, holding his head far back, strolls round in a circle so as best to display its beauties from all points of view.

PRESIDENTS' BURIAL PLACES.—George Washington died from a cold which brought on laryngitis; buried on his estate at Mount Vernon, Va.

John Adams died from senile debility; buried at Quincy, Mass.

Thomas Jefferson died of chronic diarrhœa, buried on his estate at Monticello, Va.

James Madison died of old age, buried on his estate at Montpelier, Va.

James Monroe died of general debility, buried in Marble Cemetery, New York City.

John Quincy Adams died of paralysis, the fatal attack overtaking him in the House of Representatives, buried at Quincy, Mass.

Andrew Jackson died of consumption and dropsy, buried on his estate, the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn.

Martin Van Buren died of catarrh of the throat and lungs, buried at Kinderhook, N. Y.

William Henry Harrison died of pleurisy, induced by a cold taken on the day of his inauguration, buried near North Bend, Ohio.

John Tyler died from a mysterious disorder like a bilious attack, buried at Richmond, Va.

James K. Polk died from weakness, caused by cholera, buried on his estate in Nashville, Tenn.

Zachary Taylor died from cholera morbus, induced by improper diet, buried on his estate near Louisville, Ky.

Millard Fillmore died from paralysis, buried in Forest Hill Cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.

Franklin Pierce died from inflammation of the stomach, buried at Concord, N. H.

James Buchanan died of rheumatism and gout, buried near Lancaster, Pa.

Abraham Lincoln, assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth, buried at Springfield, Ill.

Andrew Johnson died from paralysis, buried at Greenville, Tenn.

Ulysses S. Grant died from cancer of the throat, buried in Riverside Park, New York city.

Rutherford B. Hayes died from paralysis of the heart, buried at Fremont, Ohio.

James A. Garfield, assassinated by Charles J. Guiteau, buried at Cleveland, Ohio.

Chester A. Arthur died from Bright's disease, buried in Rural Cemetery, Albany, N. Y.

MIXING THE BABIES.—Some time ago a dancing party was given in the north. Most of the ladies present had babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance.

A number of gallant young men volunteered to watch the young ones while the parents indulged in a "breakdown." No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous rogues than they stripped the infants and changed their clothes, giving to one the apparel of the other.

The dance over, it was then time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a baby, in the dress of her own, and started to their homes, some ten or fifteen miles off, and were far on their way before daylight.

The day following there was a prodigious row in that part of the country. Mothers had discovered that a single day had changed the sex of their babies; observations disclosed startling physiognomical phenomena; and then commenced some of the most wonderful female pedestrianism known.

Living miles apart, it required two days to unmix the babies, and as many months to restore the women to their naturally sweet dispositions. To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby-mixers to venture in that part of the country.

WOMAN THE WAGE EARNER.—Women are the stronger as well as the better half of France. They do everything but build houses. The best inspector in the French Customs is a woman.

She is in the Havre office, and she has a nose that can detect dutiable goods without opening a box. She is naturally amiable and slow to anger, but woe to the foreigner or countryman who provokes her ire.

There is, perhaps, no sadder spectacle in the Republic of France than the women shoe polishers who doze under the sheds of the markets and quay, one eye shut and the other fixed on the boot box over the way, patiently waiting for trade. They are quite content when they receive a penny for their unwomanly work.

At Thiers, the blackest town in France, the women sit outside of the grimy little machine shops making scissor blades and polishing knives and scissor handles.

The steam that turns the 10 000 little mill wheels nearly approaches the hue of ink, and as the furnaces never burn without the blackest smoke, the toilers and their devoted life-long apprentices are sometimes Malay and sometimes Mongolian, but seldom Caucasian in color.

THIS world is a bad world only for those who have bad hearts.

Humorous.

WAYS OF FATE.

There was a King of Wall Street once,
He started with a dime;
He always meant to write a book,
But didn't have the time.
The man who interviewed this king—
The ways of fate are funny—
Had always meant to speculate,
But didn't have the money.
—U. N. Nonk.

Why is the violet called modest? It doesn't blush like the rose.

A great aim in business should be to keep a sharp look-out on the outlook.

Mummies do not look as though they were in a hurry, yet it is certain that at first they must have been pressed for time.

Mike: Shure, yer hair is fallin' out frightfully. You'll be bald soon if it kapes on.

Pat: Faith, I'll be balder still if it don't kape on.

"You want nothing, do you," said Pat.

"Bedad, an' if it's nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whisky was."

"Johnny," said the minister, rather severely, "do you chew tobacco?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "but I'm clean out just now; Jimmy Brown's got some though.

Mother: Tommy, you're too bad! Here's a hole in your trousers that wasn't there this morning.

Tommy: Where do you suppose it was, then?

"Aren't you afraid of cows?" he asked the blushing maiden.

"I really don't know," was the shy response; "I've never had much experience. You see, my father is a milkman."

"Ma," inquired Bobby, "hasn't pa a queer idea of heaven?"

"Well, I think not, Bobby. Why?"

"I heard him say that the week you spent at the seashore seemed like heaven to him."

"I think ice cream is delicious, dear George," she said; "I just love it."

"But don't you know that it's very dangerous?" inquired George, uneasily.

"Yes, I suppose it is dangerous, but I'm no coward, George."

Sick man: Am I to take all that medicine?

Wife: Yes; all of it.

Sick man: There's enough in that bottle to kill a mule!

Wife: No, there isn't, John, or the doctor wouldn't have prescribed it.

Affectionate wife, to her fault-finding husband: John dear, would you like to be cremated when you die?

Husband: Who talks about dying? But I'll be calm, Euphemia, and say, No cremation for me. Put me on ice. I'd had, and always shall have a hot enough time of it while alive.

"Is this hot enough for you?" asked Satan.

"Purty warm," admitted the newly arrived oldest inhabitant; "but I remember some fifty years ago, when it was so durn hot that——"

The attendant imps, at signal, seized him and shoved him down seven stories nearer the bottom, which isn't there.

"I'm glad to see that one thing has been brought to the attention of Congress," said the man who is perpetually indignant.

"What do you mean?"

"The necessity of a universal standard of weights and measures. What we want right away is some scheme that'll make 50 pounds of ice weigh just as much in July as it does in April."

"Father says that if I am a good boy he will take me to see the circus," said Johnny.

"That is what he told me," replied his mother.

"Well, you can keep your eye on me, and see if I ain't the pride of the neighborhood. Father's done me a good many favors, he has, and I'd hate terribly to be the means of makin' him miss the show."

Hotel guest: I don't believe in this modern custom of tipping. I want you to understand that.

Waiter: I've been to school, sah, an' I happen to know there ain't nothing modern about it, sah. The custom is as old as civilization, sah.

Hotel guest: Oh, come now.

Waiter: Fac', sah. I learned in history, sah, that one time a rich man like you, named Caligula, went somewhere to supper, an' it cost him four hundred thousand dollars before he got through, sah. By the way, sah, all the things you ordered is out, sah.

Patrick O'Flannegan, being in an uncertain state, and not quite able to distinguish at a late hour of the night his own house from his neighbor's in a row of similar ones, decided on making a bold push and trust to luck. Ascending the steps he rang the bell, which was answered by the lady living next to him, and who knew him well.

"Can you tell me where P. P. Patrick O'Flannegan lives?" said he.

"Why you are Patrick O'Flannegan," said the lady.

"B-b-botheration! I didn't ask you who Patrick O'Flannegan is; I want to know where the cold chap lives."

TAKING THE CENSUS.—Never gave you a history of my census taking, I believe. Well, I took Jim Wilker's place while he was laid up at Chicago; and I had some tough customers, I tell you. I came along one day to a cabin some four or five miles from any neighbors. In answer to my knock, an old woman about forty came to the door.

"How d'ye do? Walk in, folks all gone. Take a cheer. Were you wanting to see my old man?"

"No, madam," said I, after accepting her invitation. "I am taking the census."

"The who?" said she.

"The census of the people, the——"

"Oh, law! well, you won't find much senses in the people about here, the fever'n ager's shook it all out on 'em."

I proceeded to explain. "Dear Sun, I thought you might be a magnitism man, or a frenologer." I proceeded to get her husband's name and age, also the children; but when I asked her own age, she came down on me flat. I smoothed it over, however, and let it go. Rising, I said, "Is there any one else in your family?"

"There's Aunt Sally; but you don't want her name, do you?"

"Certainly, ma'am." I replied, and proceeded to take it at once.

"Then, there's old Jerry; but he's on-almost gin out this fall. I don't think the poor feller'l last to another spring."

"Jerry! What is his other name?"

"Oh, he ain't got no other name—we never call him nothing else."

"How old is he?"

"Why, let me see, fifteen—twenty—twenty-six—he must be hard on to thirty?"

"An old man at thirty!"

"Old man! who's talking about old man? I'se telling you 'bout our old horse."

Perhaps I didn't pick up my hat; perhaps I didn't take a very hasty leave; well, perhaps not.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S REWARD.—In 1769 a gentleman was passing late at night over Pont Neuf (Paris) with a lantern. A man came up to him and said: "Read this paper!" He held up his lantern, and read as follows:—

"Speak not a word when you've this read,
Or in an instant you'll be dead!
Give us your money, watch, and rings,
With other valuable things—
Then quick, in silence, you depart,
Or I, with knife, will cleave your heart!"

Not being a man of much pluck, the affrighted gentleman gave up his watch and money, and ran off. He soon gave the alarm, and the highwayman was arrested.

"What have you to say for yourself?" inquired the magistrate before whom the robber was ushered.

"That I am not guilty of robbery, though I took the watch and money."

"Why not guilty?" asked the magistrate.

"Simply because I can neither read nor write. I picked up that paper just at the moment I met this gentleman with a lantern. Thinking it might be something valuable, I politely asked him to read it for me. He complied with my request, and presently handed me his watch and purse, and ran off. I supposed the paper to be of great value to him, and that he thus liberally rewarded me for finding it. He gave me no time to return thanks, which out of politeness I was ready to perform."

The gentleman accepted the plea of the robber, and withdrew his complaint.

STATE NICKNAMES.—Pennsylvania is called the "Keystone State."

Kentucky is known as the "Corneracker State," from a game bird enjoying the same name which was formerly found in most parts of the State. It is also called the "Blue Grass State."

Delaware is called the "Blue Hen State."

Ohio was early called the "Buckeye State."

New York was long ago denominated the "Empire State."

Iowa almost from the date of its admission has been called the "Hawkeye State." Hawkeye was the name of a noted Indian chief.

Michigan is known as the "Wolverine State."

Tennesseeans are "Butternuts," from the color of the clothing worn by the Tennessee Volunteers during the civil war.

Wisconsin was early dubbed the "Badger State."

Texas is called the "Lone Star State," from the single star in the arms of the Commonwealth.

Indiana is called the "Hoosier State."

Maine is called the "Pine Tree State."

Nevada has two nicknames—the "Silver State" and the "Sage Brush State."

Georgians are "Buzzards" from a State law protecting these birds.

North Carolinians are called "Tarheels," from a leading industry.

Marylanders are "Craw-Thumpers," a slang name for the lobster.

South Carolina is the "Palmetto State."

Delaware people are called "Muskrats."

The people of Oregon are "Webfeet."

West Virginians are "Pandandlefites."

New Yorkers are "Knickerbockers."

Texans are "Beefheads."

Nevadans are "Sage Hens."

Kansans are "Jayhawkers."

ACTING ON WHEELS.—Bicycles have appeared upon the stage in variety shows and in exhibitions of fancy riding, but it has been reserved for a popular comedian on the Continent to arrange a monologue to be recited as he wheels about the stage. He makes his entrance and his exit upon a "machine," and varies his recitation by ringing his bell, and other appropriate "business."

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express Parlor and Dining Car,	daily 8.00 a m	For Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls, Canandaigua, Geneva, Watkins, Elmira, Waverly, Binghamton, Oswego, Syracuse, Utica, Rome, Richfield Springs, Cooperstown, Sharon Springs, Schenectady, Albany, Troy, Saratoga, Lake George, Burlington, Rutland, Bellows Falls, Brattleboro, Greenfield, Springfield, Worcester, Boston.
Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars,	daily, 6.33 p m 8.45 p m	For Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago, Canandaigua, Geneva, Watkins, Elmira, Waverly, Binghamton, Oswego, Syracuse, Utica, Rome, Richfield Springs, Cooperstown, Sharon Springs, Schenectady, Albany, Troy, Saratoga, Lake George, Burlington, Rutland, Bellows Falls, Brattleboro, Greenfield, Springfield, Worcester, Boston.

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 1.05 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.25, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.35, 10.40 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 5.00, 6.10, 7.20, 9.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30, 11.35 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.55, 5.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1[illegible] night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 8.55, 7.35, 10.02, 11.04 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3, 5, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 8.55, a m, 12.14, (dining car), 6.10, 6.12, 8.10, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 8.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.20, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.35, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 2.05, 4.30, 5.30, 6.35, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.20, 6.33, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.25, 7.45, 11.00 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.25, 7.35 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.00, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.25, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.25, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 6.00 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom. 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.30 a m, 4.30, 5.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.35, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.50, 8.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 1005 Chestnut street, 629 S. Third street, 2062 Market street and at stations.

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